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ROYALTY'S CLOSE TOUCH WITH THEIR PEOPLE.



Violet Victoria Velden, the little Camberwell invalid, who wrote a letter of sympathy to Princess Victoria, and, with a reply from her Royal Highness, received a basket of beautiful flowers from the Queen. "Vicky," as she is called in her home, is to be taken to the Brompton Consumption Hospital.



The bouquet sent by the Queen to Violet Victoria Velden.



Princess Victoria, who received a sympathetic letter from Violet Victoria Velden, a little invalid girl.—(Photograph by W. and D. Downey.)



Feb 3rd 1905

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

*Miss Knollys is desired
by Princess Victoria to
thank her little namesake
very much for her nice
letter & to say, how much
Her Royal Highness hopes
& prays that God will
soon make them both
well again.*

*The Queen sends a few
flowers which she thinks
little Victoria will like to
have by her bed side*

Facsimile of the letter received by little "Vicky" from Buckingham Palace in reply to her letter of sympathy with Princess Victoria. It was written by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, on behalf of the Princess, and also contains a message from the Queen.



Her Majesty the Queen, who sent a basket of flowers to an invalid child. Yesterday her Majesty, always concerned in all that affects the welfare of the poor, received the Rev. W. Carlile, of the Church Army.—(W. and D. Downey.)

REV. W. CARLILE ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE YESTERDAY.



Rev. W. Carlile, head of the Church Army, arriving at Buckingham Palace yesterday, where he was granted an audience by the Queen, when she inquired about the progress and good work being done by the Church Army.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

FOR THE POOR.

Her Majesty Grants an Interview to the Church Army's Founder.

TOUCHING MESSAGE.

"My Heart Goes Out to the Thousands in Your Labour Homes."

The Queen yesterday sent the following touching message, through the Rev. W. Carlile, to the workers of the Church Army:—

Tell them to live and labour for the good of others. Tell your helpers throughout the world how I think and pray for them, and tell the thousands who are struggling in your labour homes that my heart goes out towards them, and I feel it a great pleasure and privilege to be able to help them in any way.

In the midst of her own anxiety over the illness of her daughter, the Queen has once more shown her tender heart and womanly thought for the sufferers among her people.

Her Majesty yesterday sent for the Rev. W. Carlile, the founder of the Church Army, who was recently received by the King, and questioned him closely concerning the hard lot of the poor among whom he works.

For twenty minutes the Queen listened, her eyes glistening with tears at times, while Mr. Carlile told of some of the heartrending cases of destitution and poverty which the Church Army has relieved during the winter.

And after the visit, Mr. Carlile, his eyes still glistening with enthusiasm, and a pardonable pride at the honour shown him, told to the *Daily Mirror*, in his talk, how he had fared, and what intense sympathy the Queen had shown.

Attired in his Church Army uniform, somewhat the worse for wear, Mr. Carlile drove down to Buckingham Palace in a hansom.

At the main entrance he was met by the Hon. Sydney Greville, the Queen's secretary, and conducted upstairs to her Majesty's private apartments.

HER MAJESTY'S SYMPATHY.

"It was a pleasant room, with a fire burning brightly," said the Church Army leader, "and for a few moments I stood chatting with Mr. Greville.

"Suddenly the door opened, and the Queen entered the room. Her Majesty wore a dress of soft, light-brown material, with lace about the neck. "Mr. Greville presented me, and the Queen held out her hand. She looked charming, but very tired, as though the illness of Princess Victoria had told upon her.

"Then, in her quiet, unassuming way, she said 'please sit down, Mr. Carlile, and tell me all about the work you are doing among England's poorest.'

"I told her Majesty of what we had done at Christmas, and how greatly her gift of £50 had helped us.

"The Queen smiled. 'I was deeply touched,' she said, 'by the accounts I read of the affectionate sympathy that the poor, dear people showed at the mention of my name.' Her Majesty paused and added: 'And I am very much interested in the King's labour-tents.'

Mr. Carlile told, while the Queen listened most attentively, of how in these tents work is provided night and day for all who will work.

"Your Majesty," said he, "none need want for good wholesome food or for a clean bed with sheets who is willing to earn them."

The Queen's eyes shone. "My heart goes out to the poor fellows," she said softly.

"MY OWN CASES."

Her Majesty inquired particularly about the work which the Church Army is doing among prisoners. "She seemed," said Mr. Carlile, "to know a great deal about our work already, but thought it wonderful that the Church Army could assist and find work for as many as 200,000 prisoners a year.

"You know, Mr. Carlile," remarked the Queen, "the Church Army is helping two of my own cases, and I should like to hear how they are getting on."

Some time ago her Majesty was told of two very sad cases of destitution—one of a bricklayer, who had been forced by want of employment to pawn his furniture, and another of a woman who had been reduced to the lowest circumstances.

Mr. Carlile reported that the man was working, and had redeemed most of his furniture, while employment had also been found for the woman.

"Oh, I am so glad," exclaimed her Majesty, who also referred with great gratification to the work accomplished by the Mansion House Unemployed Fund.

Sick Child's Sorrow Because Flowers the Queen Sent are Fading.

One sorrow, and it seemed only one, yesterday clouded the brow of little Violet Victoria Velden, the poor consumptive to whom the Queen sent a basket of flowers and a gracious, tender message.

"The flowers are fading," said the bright, little sufferer, looking up wistfully.

She showed the *Daily Mirror* some letters sent by sympathisers who have been touched by the Queen's solicitude for her tiny, loyal subject.

From the envelopes "little Vicky" has carefully removed the stamps, for she is a diligent collector.

Her letter to the Princess Victoria was quite her own idea, and not suggested by her parents, though they are very loyal.

At the hospital yesterday the *Daily Mirror* was informed that at least a week must elapse before she can be received.

Waiting patients must take their turn. Moreover, the hospital physician has to make another examination of "Little Vicky" before her removal. One thing is certain, if a cheerful, undaunted spirit can save her life, she will soon recover.

BLUNDER OF JUSTICE.

Mother and Son Convicted of Murder That Was Never Committed.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—An extraordinary case of an alleged miscarriage of justice is reported to-day by the "Petit Parisien."

A verdict of Murder in 1887 was returned against the wife and sixteen-year-old son of M. Allegrain, a man who was found drowned in a horse-pond in the village of Domont, in the department of Leine-et-Oise.

The mother was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and the boy to ten years.

The former died, leaving a letter beseeching her boy to clear her name. Young Allegrain devoted his life to this object on being released, and now seems likely to succeed.

It transpires that M. Allegrain accidentally fell into the pond, and, despite the efforts at rescue of an innkeeper, was drowned.

Bloodstains, really due to bleeding from the nose, were found on the son's clothing, and on this and other evidence of a most doubtful character he and his mother were convicted.

FOUR-FEET-EIGHT OF GENIUS.

Death of a Great German Painter Who Sketched His Favourite Dishes.

Professor Adolf von Menzel, Germany's greatest painter, died yesterday at Berlin in his ninetieth year.

He made a great reputation with his famous drawings and paintings celebrating Frederick II.'s victorious career.

The artist, who was hardly 4ft. 8in. high, was the best-known figure in the streets of Berlin, and whenever he was about to cross a much-frequented road all the cabs and vehicles stopped to let him pass.

At the restaurant where he dined he used to sketch any nice-looking dish placed before him, and although he did not understand English he always asked for a copy of "Punch," so greatly did he admire our black-and-white humourists.

FRENCH DIPLOMACY TRIUMPHS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Wednesday.—Tewfik Pasha to-day submitted fresh proposals, which, it is believed, will satisfy the French demands in regard to the Syrian railways and the rearmament of the Turkish artillery. Part of the order for new guns will now be placed in France, and the negotiations for a Turkish loan with the Ottoman Bank will be reopened.—Reuter.

TAXING BACHELORS.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—A Bill has been introduced into the Texas Legislature to provide a graduated tax on bachelors. It proposes that unmarried men at the age of twenty-one shall pay a small tax, which will be increased until at the age of thirty-five only the really wealthy will be able to pay. The Bill is expected to pass.—Laffan.

DASH FOR LIBERTY.

An exciting chase after an escaped prisoner took place yesterday afternoon at Leigh (Lancashire). The prisoner leaped from a gig and ran at top speed, followed by a policeman on a borrowed bicycle, a horseman, and several people on foot. By doubling and turning he baffled his pursuers and had not been recaptured last night.

Reported That She Has Another Love Affair in Florence.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—All kinds of gossip and speculation have been aroused by the announcement in the Dresden official paper that the King of Saxony has sent his legal adviser, Dr. Koerner, to Florence to report on the general conditions and surroundings of Princess Monica, the infant daughter of his Majesty's divorced wife, who is now known as the Countess Montignoso.

The Countess is being seen at Florence almost continually in the company of a young aristocrat, Count Guicciardini, which circumstance, the Saxon papers say, may cause the Royal Family to deprive her of the care of her daughter.

VIENNA, Thursday.—Friends and intimate acquaintances of the former Crown Princess of Saxony emphatically deny the rumour of the existence of a love affair between her and Count Guicciardini, asserting that her intercourse with the Count is merely a friendly one.

All reports to the contrary emanate from the Court party at Dresden, they say, and are circulated with the view to depriving the Countess Montignoso of the custody of her child.

It is not many weeks since the Countess made an unexpected appearance in Dresden, where she drove to the royal palace and begged to be allowed to see her other children. She was denied the favour, however, and left the city by order of the police.

STUDENTS' THREAT.

Thousands on Strike and Ready To Use Arms.

Unrest among the students of the Russian universities is daily on the increase.

Thousands of them hang about the streets of St. Petersburg, and a letter has been addressed to the rector of the University stating that they will do all in their power to prevent the resumption of studies ordered by General Tchernoff.

Should police or military attempt to enter the University, they threaten to resist with arms.

At Moscow 450 students have petitioned for a suspension of classes, while at Odessa, Dorpat, and several other centres, the university authorities have discontinued instruction.

In St. Petersburg about 10,000 men are on strike, and as many more threaten to come out to-day. Yesterday passed quietly.

TO RELIEVE KUROPATKIN.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—The "Lokalanzeiger" claims to have reliable authority for stating that the Grand Duke Nicholas is about to leave for East Asia to relieve General Kuropatkin. Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia will accompany the Grand Duke.

It will be remembered that the Prussian Prince prepared to leave many months ago, but was compelled to give up the plan at the last minute, because Kuropatkin opposed his presence.

LAST NIGHT'S SPEECHES.

"C.B." Speaks of the Premier as a "Political Hooligan."

From last night's speeches:—

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at High Wycombe: Public interest called loudly for a dissolution.

Let the Government wriggle as they liked; let them dissemble as they liked, the country was not deceived.

The Prime Minister had displayed something like political hooliganism.

Mr. Balfour taunted the Liberals with having no programme. What was the Prime Minister's programme if he won the next election but to do nothing in Parliament and wait five or six years in which to fill his friends with fat things?

Mr. Brodick, at Epsom: If they went down as a Government they would go down fighting. If the country gave them a rebuff they would wait for better days, thanking Heaven that they had in front of them an Opposition whose period in office need not be long to teach the difference between a weak Government and a strong one.

Sir Walter Foster, at Hawkhurst: The postponement of the general election was disastrous to trade.

KAFFIR MAGNATE DEAD.

News has been received of the sudden death at Sidmouth of Mr. J. F. Jones, C.M.G., joint manager and secretary of the British South African Company. Mr. Jones had been connected with the company since its inception in 1889.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—

Light westerly breezes; fair generally; cloudy at times; mild.
Lighting-up time, 6.2 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth generally.

GENERAL ELECTION.

Lord Spencer Issues a Long Manifesto to His Followers.

DULL PROGRAMME.

Ireland "Not To Be Forgotten" Is All That He Promises the Nationalists.

The view is held in political circles that a general election, as predicted by the *Daily Mirror*, is likely to take place shortly.

Yesterday politicians of all parties studied the results of the *Daily Mirror* canvass and the amazing situation foreshadowed therein.

The Liberal leaders met in council yesterday, under the leadership of Lord Spencer, who leads the party in the House of Lords. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was present.

This was regarded by well-informed observers as indicating the probability of Lord Spencer being the next Prime Minister.

This view received additional weight by a manifesto issued by the Red Edler yesterday.

It took the form of a 3,000-word letter to Mr. Corrie Grant, M.P. Most significant is the reference to Ireland. "Not to be forgotten" is all that he says to the Nationalists, on whom, in all probability, the fate of his Ministry will rest.

Analysed, Lord Spencer's programme is as follows:—

- (1) Protection is anathema. He denounces the views of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.
- (2) The Education Bill is to be amended.
- (3) Drastic reforms of taxation and of local rating.
- (4) Home Rule for South Africa.
- (5) Ireland is not to be forgotten. Further measures of local self-government will be dealt with at the proper moment.
- (6) The Tariff Vote judgment is to be considered in a manner sympathetic to the Trades Unions.
- (7) Workmen's Compensation Act to be extended.
- (8) As to Chinese labour, he would not continue beyond the limitations of existing contracts any system of indentured labour.

Later in the day the "Week End" issued what is stated to be an authoritative statement regarding Lord Rosebery's plans. He is not going to make trouble. He certainly will not be Prime Minister, but he is willing to go to the Foreign Office. That is in effect what this pronouncement states.

As to the chaos that would occur should, as the *Daily Mirror* returns predict, both Conservatives and Liberals be dependent on the Irish for a majority, several M.P.'s sent their opinions yesterday.

Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., M.P., speaking at Paddington last night, said that he believed the forecast had been made carefully and accurately. On these figures the Liberal Party, with the help of the eighty-two Irish members, would be able to oust the Government from power; but if they did they would go into power under the absolute control of the Nationalists.

Sir Henry Kimber, M.P., says "I think a Liberal Government under such circumstances would not last a month."

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P.: "The Liberal leaders would be madmen to accept office under such humiliating conditions. If they did they would not last six months."

Sir A. Asquith-Hood, M.P., considers that the Liberals would be forced to introduce a Home Rule Bill for Ireland.

TO STORM PARLIAMENT.

London's Unemployed will Attend the Opening of the Session.

London's unemployed propose to attend the opening of Parliament and hold a demonstration in Trafalgar-square.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has received a communication from the Social Democratic Federation, asking whether a deputation from a public meeting of the unemployed could be heard at the opening of Parliament.

The right hon. gentleman says: "This is a matter which it is not for the Speaker to determine, and upon which he does not consider it his duty to offer any advice."

PREPARING THE KING'S SPEECH.

A meeting of the Cabinet, which lasted for three hours, was held yesterday afternoon at the Foreign Office, when final approval was given of the Speech from the Throne which is to be submitted to the King to-day.

A Privy Council will be held to-day, at which the King will formally approve the terms of the speech with which he will open Parliament on Tuesday next.

typhoid scourge Seizes Hundreds of Victims at Lincoln.

STRANGE SCENES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LINCOLN, Thursday Night.—The terrible epidemic of typhoid in Lincoln has brought business ere almost to a standstill.

Up till last Wednesday night no fewer than 528 cases had been reported.

To-day the streets through which the conduits of water run were practically impassable owing to the people waiting their turns, bucket in hand, for supply of pure water.

A prominent resident assures me that as long ago as 1901 the corporation was warned that an outbreak of the kind was sure to come unless they took steps to ensure a pure water supply.

No effort is being spared now to stop the scourge. Disinfectants are distributed free of charge at the health offices; notices are posted all over the town urging people to boil all their water and milk, and hospital accommodation is being rapidly provided. In addition to the Lincoln Hospital, four auxiliary hospitals have been created in the halls of the city, providing 140 beds in all.

The construction of a temporary hospital of 200 beds was to-day under consideration.

The corporation has obtained the assistance of several surveyors and doctors from Nottingham, and a great number of ladies in Lincoln have offered their services as nurses. The mayor's fund, opened two days ago, has already reached several hundreds, but the exact figures are not yet obtainable. Funds are urgently needed, as in most cases the bread-winners have been stricken down.

The utmost distress prevails. Clothing and linen for the fever patients are also much wanted. The full report of Dr. Reece is anxiously awaited, and will probably be issued to-day.

Drs. Houston and McGowan have been sent down from London by the Local Government Board to confer with the corporation as to the best measures to be taken to stamp out the epidemic.

HEIR TO 30,000 ACRES.

Birth of a Son and Heir to the Marquis of Exeter.

Joy bells are ringing at "Burghey House by Stamford Town," the scene of Tennyson's famous poem, "The Lord of Burghey."

A son and heir was born to the Marquis of Exeter yesterday, and the Marchioness and her child are doing well.

This fortunate infant will inherit Burghey House and nearly 30,000 acres, in addition to a splendid town house in Ashley-gardens. But for his timely advent the title and estates would have descended to Lord Exeter's cousin, Mr. Ean Cecil, son of the late Lord Francis Cecil.

The Marquis of Exeter is twenty-eight years of age, and is, of course, descended from Queen Elizabeth's famous Lord High Chancellor.

He married the Marchioness in 1901. She was the Hon. Myra Rowena Sibell Orde-Powlett, eldest daughter of the fourth Lord Bolton. The Marchioness of Exeter is a great beauty, as her mother—a daughter of the Earl of Scarborough—was before her.

GIPSIES DEPART.

'Macedonian' Visitors at Last Leave the Inhospitable Shores of England.

The "Macedonian" gypsies have really left our shores at last.

With their three vans and a pony they last night sailed from Grimsby for Hamburg in the steamer City of Leeds.

The pilgrims were in such a filthy condition that on Wednesday night they had to be accommodated in a stable.

They squatted about in the station yesterday, and once the police had to extinguish a fire which they had lighted.

The party was watched by a considerable crowd, and some of the children reaped a harvest of coppers by begging and singing.

During the day the women succeeded, by persistent begging, in obtaining sufficient provisions to last them for the voyage.

IRISH BECK CASE.

Six months ago Owen Cleary was sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Fermanagh for an assault on a woman.

When the wrongful conviction of Adolf Beck was established, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was asked to investigate Cleary's case, with the result that Cleary has now been released, it being proved that there was a flaw in the prosecution.

MOVEMENTS TO PRESERVE THE SACRED GLOOM OF SUNDAY.

A conference at Eastbourne yesterday considered steps to save the English Sabbath, which is threatened with extinction by the wicked week-ender.

The "week-end," with all its modern opportunities for pleasure, is held to be responsible for this state of affairs, and in June next steps will be taken to rouse the nation in united opposition to the present craze for Sunday amusements.

Dr. P. V. Smith, Chancellor of the dioceses of Durham and Manchester, informed the conference that the movement had the co-operation of the two Archbishops, nearly all the Bishops, and many of the clergy, who are anxious that the conscience of England should be quickened on this momentous question.

The Earl of Chichester wrote to the conference denouncing "the week-end" as the main cause of Sabbath neglect.

The extra work which servants had to do, he observed, was terrible, and our Sundays were now much worse than the Continental Sunday.

Mr. G. F. Chambers, barrister, remarked that no language could be too strong to denounce the dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, who, having nothing to do in the week, would insist on spending Sunday in pleasure-seeking and making their servants work.

LETTERS TO THE KING.

Man Charges Himself with Sending Treasonable Communications.

A remarkable statement was made by Joseph Barrett, an elderly man, to Mr. Justice Phillimore at the Northamptonshire Assizes yesterday.

Barrett was charged with stealing a watch and chain.

"To this Court now assembled," he exclaimed, "I hereby plead guilty to having sent to the King and Queen, when Prince and Princess of Wales, wicked, treasonable letters."

"I was very ill at the time and not in my right senses. Now I beg that this Court will petition the King and Queen on my behalf so that I may kneel at their feet and beg from their Majesties that gracious pardon I hope to find in heaven."

The judge assured Barrett that, if his letters ever reached their Majesties, they pardoned them long ago, as being effusions of some irresponsible person.

Barrett was then sentenced to two months' hard labour for the theft.

ARTIST'S LAST WISH.

Mr. Val Prinsep's Will Reveals a Touching Confidence in His Wife.

The will of Mr. Valentine Cameron Prinsep, R.A., differs from most documents of the kind.

It is written in his own handwriting, and, after devising all his property to his wife, Mr. Prinsep added:—

"I have perfect confidence that she will bring up our children worthily and give them an education to enable them to take their place in the rank they ought to hold as gentlemen in the best sense. I desire, under such circumstances, that they be brought up to believe themselves dependent on their own exertions, and that they may be started in whatever profession their talents may seem to point to, holding the opinion that a man with nothing to do is necessarily dissatisfied, and, consequently, unhappy. In these views I have confidence my dear wife will agree with me."

The estate is valued at £7,288 2s. 9d.

ANGLO-AMERICAN PARCELS POST.

It is expected that a Governmental parcels post service between this country and the United States will be inaugurated within the next few weeks.

The weight limit of parcels will probably be 4½lb. Arrangements are being made to sort the ordinary mails on Atlantic liners during the voyages, so as to expedite delivery on landing.

END OF ST. JAMES'S HALL.

To-morrow St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, will close its doors for ever, and soon this famous home of concerts will fall into the hands of the house-breakers.

Music lovers will regret the demolition of this scene of triumphs associated with Paderewski, Joachim, Ysaye, and other world-famous artists.

Amongst the interesting personalities connected with the place is an old lady, who for years past has purchased a shilling ticket for every concert in the hall.

MISS LOFTUS DEFIES THE DOCTORS.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Against the advice of her physicians, Miss Cecilia Loftus has left the hospital at Akron, Ohio, to join her company in Toronto.—Lafan.

DOGS AND PARROT.

Singular Provisions in the Will of a Well-known Yachtsman.

CEMETERY FOR PETS.

A striking and pathetic affection entertained for his pets is revealed in his will by Mr. J. B. Fleuret, a well-known yachtsman, of Forest Lodge, Hythe, Southampton, who left £39,647.

Mr. Fleuret, who was a member of the firm of Messrs. Fleuret, Sons, and Adams, of High Holborn, left to Maria Campian Poole, amongst other property, his dogs and parrot, and a sum of £300 for their maintenance, "in the earnest hope that she will look after them."

Should she not be able to accept this trust those animals for which good homes cannot be found are to be painlessly destroyed by a veterinary surgeon, and "buried at the top of the Hill with the other dogs."

Mr. Fleuret's executors are directed to have the dogs' graves kept clean, fenced in, and duly protected from disturbance.

Of his yachting trophies the testator bequeathed the German Emperor's Cup to his brother, and the silver cup won in the ocean race to Dover to his partner.

To each of the clerks in the firm he left £50, and his servants and his yachting crew also receive legacies and a suit of mourning.

A large number of charities benefit under the will.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER,



The distinguished soldier, who has decided to accept the invitation to stand as Liberal candidate for East Leeds.—(Elliott and Fry.)

HAPLESS MALL MILKMAIDS.

Grateful for Kindness, but Full of Despair for the Future.

Mrs. Kitchen and Miss Burry, the Mall milk-sellers, are utterly broken in spirit by their eviction. It is not easy to begin life anew at the age of seventy.

Yesterday both old ladies sobbed bitterly when interviewed by the *Daily Mirror*, declaring that the outlook was a black one for them.

They brightened a little when the generous offer of £50, made to them by Baroness von Eckhardtstein, was mentioned.

"Do please thank her for it," they said in unison.

"What a kind heart she must have."

"We have not yet heard from the King," continued Miss Burry, "but, then, he is away."

As for the reported compensation, they had heard nothing of it. In any case, £10 each would not repay them for the stock spoiled when their stands were destroyed.

CARDINAL'S MOTOR-CAR.

The Church of Rome disapproves motoring among its ecclesiastics, without actually forbidding it. Nevertheless, one Cardinal is looking for a motor-car, says the Rome correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette." His diocese is in the hills, and he is no longer able to resist the fascination of the horseless car.

EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE.

Statistics will be advanced at a forthcoming women's conference in America to prove that college girls are marrying girls, and that they also make the best mothers and have the largest families.

Business More Organised than for Fifty Years Past.

The provinces, notably Preston, are enduring an attack such as has never been known before, but London is suffering more than any other part of the country.

Not for fifty years has business been so disorganised in London by an ailment of this nature as it is to-day. In one City establishment alone, over one third of the employees are on sick leave, and many of the others are feeling the approach of the enemy. Another establishment, where only five persons are employed, has had to close because every man is confined to his home.

These facts go to prove that influenza, fortunately seldom fatal, is perhaps the most infectious of diseases, and as it frequently leaves patients permanently blind, deaf, or enfeebled in other ways every possible precaution should be taken to escape it.

In Liverpool, Blackburn, Oldham, and neighbouring towns the disease has got almost as firm a hold as in London, and in Preston an entire family of nine is stricken with the complaint.

Seaport towns seem to suffer to a far greater degree than places inland, the probable explanation being that influenza is more virulent in other countries and is brought to us by the crews of paid-off ships.

LORD INVERCYLDE'S ESCAPE.

Shipping Magnate Disturbed in His Office by a Gas Explosion.

Lord Inverclyde, the great shipping magnate, yesterday had a narrow escape whilst sitting in his Glasgow office, which overlooks the Great Central railway station.

The windows of his room were blown in by an alarming gas explosion, which occurred under No. 9 platform, but his lordship was not hurt. Four railway men, however, were injured.

The explosion, which took place during a search for an escape of gas with a lamp, was heard for a mile around.

Part of the platform was blown up, supporting girders were bent, traffic was blocked by the debris, and the windows of neighbouring warehouses shattered.

DR. TORREY'S FROWN.

Revival Missioner Replies to a Newspaper Criticism of His Facial Expression.

"The whole world is praying for London," said Dr. Torrey yesterday, "and that is why the crowds come."

He was addressing 8,000 people; and it is really miraculous to find the crowds increasing each day, rather than diminishing.

Dr. Torrey has been accused by a newspaper critic of wearing a perpetual frown. "That writer was near-sighted," he was commented.

"In any case," he added, "do not copy my frown, but rather copy Mr. Alexander's smile."

In the course of an interview last night, Dr. Torrey emphatically denied that the results of his mission would be ephemeral.

AGE OF HUGE SALARIES.

Music-hall Managers Staggered by the Demands of Artists.

Salaries of music-hall artists have gone up hundreds per cent. in the course of the last twenty years, and managers are viewing the matter in a very serious light.

"We have ourselves to blame primarily for the present condition of things," said the manager of one of the leading combinations of music-halls in London. "We cannot trust each other."

"Many of the more expensive artists are not worth what is paid them. It is a mere fancy price put upon themselves because they have happened to strike the popular fancy, and as soon as that is known managers commence to bid one against another to secure the particular artist."

"The average weekly salary list for a first class hall in London is anything between £500 and £700 for artists alone."

"Managers should show a little more enterprise in introducing unknown talent at low prices."

STAG RACES A TRAIN.

As a train was approaching Shortlands Station the other day a fine stag leaped the railway fence and sped along in front of the train, hotly pursued by the Surrey staghounds.

The stag kept clear of the train until the station was reached, when it was captured and handed over to the huntsman; the hounds being kept off.

Many of his scholars changed their underclothing only once a month, stated an East End schoolmaster at a conference on "School Hygiene," at the Sanitary Institute, yesterday.

Man Who Died After Working
Twenty-six Hours Continuously.

KILLED BY FATIGUE.

An amazing and pathetic story of death from overwork was unfolded to the East End coroner yesterday.

Whilst employed in a bakehouse at 256, Oxford-street, E., on Monday last, Henry F. Sautter, forty-one, journeyman baker, of Clive-street, Mile End, fell forward on his face and expired.

His wife stated that for a long time Sautter had complained of being overworked.

He had toiled on Fridays from 7 p.m. until 9 p.m. on Saturday, and on every other Sunday from 9.30 to 1.30 hours.

His employer had four shops to keep going, but only one bakehouse.

Sautter got 32s. a week, was not a union man, and when he was sometimes given 2s. extra his master wanted to stop his usual allowance of a loaf. The employer was very hard on his men.

George Aitchler, of Durban-road, West Ham, the foreman, made some remarkable revelations as to the hours worked. "We start," he said, "at 9 p.m. and leave off at noon the next day. On Saturday the hours are longer still.

"We get our meals the best way we can while the bread is in the oven. (The Jury: Shame.) The union time is ten hours."

"This man," exclaimed a jurymen, "has been putting in about fifteen hours every day except Saturdays, and then he gets in about twenty-three."

Slept in Troughs.

A fellow-worker of Sautter's said they had not only worked fifteen hours a day and twenty-three on Saturday, but sometimes six hours on Sunday, and then had had to wait three hours for their money.

Bernard Nordheim, the employer, said the men's hours "varied." They had a rest, and went to sleep inside the troughs.

Nordheim added that the bakehouse was large and lofty. (A voice: Nonsense.)

Dr. John Normile said he was satisfied that Sautter died from heart failure, accelerated by overwork and long hours.

The coroner remarked that there was no doubt about the long hours, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.

BARRISTER'S LITTLE ONES.

Lady Offers a Comfortable Home to One of the Unfortunate Children.

A comfortable home near Aldershot has been offered to one of the two children of the barrister, Mr. C. R. de Villiers, who disappeared from his home at Fulham on January 16.

In a letter to the *Daily Mirror*, the lady who makes the offer asks to be put into communication "with a responsible person."

Mr. de Villiers, however, is alive, and is, therefore, the responsible person.

The police are acquainted with his movements during the last few days, and he will be called upon to defray the cost of his children's "keep" at the infirmary.

Mr. de Villiers, however, will be asked to consent to one of his children being adopted.

MAJOR'S EEL-PIE SHOP.

Since 1884 Percy John Dixon, a retired major, has inherited £221,000. He is now bankrupt, with no assets.

Examined in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, he said he lost £200 in an eel-pie shop at Barking.

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD

Reduced to

LADIES' OR 25/- POST
GENTS' 25/- FREE.

Five Years' Written Guarantee.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT £2 10s.

Accurate timekeepers, beautiful jewelled movements, handsome dark blue oxidised cases.

These watches are acknowledged by those in the trade to be astonishingly cheap at 25/-

Also in Real Silver 35/- Ladies' or Gents', and in Real Gold, Ladies' £2 15s., Gents' £2 17s. 6d.

V. SAMUEL & Co.,
26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.,
LONDON, E.C.

The Cheapest Shop for Watches and Clocks in the World.

Forgery Scare Makes Paper Money Difficult to Pass.

"Time was when a Bank of England note carried one 'most wheres,' and saw one through most things; but in some places that is possible no longer."

This was the effect upon English credit of the wholesale placing of forged Bank of England notes on the Continent, said Mr. Mathews, yesterday, at the Old Bailey.

So bad was it that nowadays even genuine banknotes of the lower value (£5 and £10) had become difficult to negotiate.

Two men and a woman stood in the dock before Mr. Justice Darling—Herbert Robinson, a well-dressed, clean-shaven American, six feet high, at his elbow a tiny, grey-haired woman, Mary Ann Harman, and by her side Joseph Holloway, shabby and stunted. They were charged with conspiracy and forging Bank of England notes.

After counsel had told the tale of how Detective Collier, in the guise of a seaman, had wormed himself into the confidence of Robinson, the astute officer went into the dock to describe for himself his "voyage of discovery." "He said he had been 'a merchant seaman.'"

"I suppose you were a merchant to secure the treasure, but in false nautical guise," remarked Mr. Justice Darling.

Thereupon one of the forged notes—presumably part of the treasure—was handed up to the Judge.

Trying to get on the best terms with the prisoners, the detective admitted that he said, "The notes are very good."

Mr. Justice Darling (playfully): You told them that—oh, and you a policeman, too.

Holloway and Robinson were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude, while the woman, Harman, whom the Judge said was very likely the director of the whole scheme, was acquitted on a technical point—insufficient evidence of possession.

SIR ROBERT REID, G.C.M.G., K.C., M.P.,



Who has just been appointed chairman of the committee to inquire what amendments are necessary in the Joint Stock Companies Acts.—(Elliott and Fry.)

DIPLOMAT'S ARREST.

Servian politics were strangely mixed up in an extradition case at Bow-street yesterday.

Voislav Iskovich, formerly in the Diplomatic Service of the Servian Government, and ex-secretary to the Legations at Bucharest and Constantinople, was charged with embezzlement in Servia.

When arrested, Iskovich said, "This is nothing but a persecution on the part of the Servian Government, whose motives are political." He said he had been followed by women secret agents. Iskovich was remanded.

TITLED "ANTI-VACCINATOR."

Earl Russell attended Bow-street Police Court, yesterday, with Lady Grove, when her husband, Sir Walter John Grove, was summoned for failing to have his child vaccinated.

The distinguished position of the conscientious objector did not prevent an order being made for the vaccination of the child, with 28s. costs against Sir Walter.

SLIP ON AN OMNIBUS.

While getting on a London General Omnibus Mrs. Jane Crawley, a Waltham Cross wardrobe dealer, slipped and twisted her knee.

She fell, she alleged yesterday, when claiming damages in Mr. Justice Jelf's Court, because the horse started too soon.

The jury found for the defendants.

Fond Husband Kills His Wife in a Presence of a Party.

"You get more beautiful every day, Nellie," said Percy Frank Kingham, a labourer, to his wife. Yet within an hour, and the moment after he had embraced and kissed her lovingly, he had killed her in the sight of a roomful of friends.

The scene of the tragedy was the house of Nellie Kingham's aunt, Mrs. Alcock, in narrow Shouldham-street, behind the Edgware-road, where a supper was being given in honour of the visit of the girl and her husband.

The young couple lived at Shepherd's Bush, and had only been married a year. They were unhappy because the husband was jealous.

About ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Kingham rose to leave. All stood up to say good-night, including Mrs. Alcock's two little children.

Then, without warning, he pulled out a razor and drew it across her throat—and then his own.

In a few seconds she died, but the doctors who came brought Kingham round, and he was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, where he is making favourable progress.

£40,000 FOR A RUIN.

Eccentric Sheriff Declared To Be of "Sound Disposing Mind."

The eccentric memory of Sheriff Thoms, of Orkney, has been vindicated against the suggestion of insanity under which it was desired to upset his will.

The Edinburgh Court of Session yesterday found that he was of sound, disposing mind, with the result that £40,000 goes to restore Kirkwall Cathedral, at present a ruin.

The Lord Chief Justice Clerk made a humorous address to the jury. The sheriff, he said, had a set of regulations, something like an Act of Parliament, for his household.

In his Lordship's opinion Mr. Thoms was a man who was fond of posing in comedy, but sometimes slipped out of the low comedian into the cap and bells.

The jury unanimously agreed with the Lord Justice Clerk's theory that no importance need be attached to the sheriff's eccentricities.

CHILDREN'S SAD POSITION.

Called as Witnesses in a Murder Charge Against Their Father.

Three children gave evidence against their father, yesterday, at the coroner's inquiry into the Forest Hill tragedy.

Albert Thompson, who is in custody charged with the murder of his wife, had been for a long time, said a nineteen-year-old daughter, very jealous of her mother.

A thirteen-year-old son said the cause of the quarrel was that his mother used to be out all day, and not have his father's dinner ready.

According to another son, Thompson fell off a ladder two years ago, and had not been the same since.

A verdict of Wilful Murder against Thompson was returned.

"WORK, WORK, WORK."

Overwork, it was shown yesterday at the inquest, turned the brain of Mr. George Beverley Wyatt Digby, the solicitor, who shot himself in his offices at Coleman-street.

Mr. Digby's brother stated that the deceased had complained that "it was all work, work, work." All the rest he had had for two years was two week-ends.

The verdict was Death whilst of unsound mind.

PHENOMENAL CATCH OF MULLET.

Fishermen of the extreme west of Cornwall, who inhabit a tiny village in Scotland, near the Land's End, have just effected a record catch of grey mullet, amounting to 32,000.

Last year the men managed to take 20,000, the previous largest number taken.

KIDNAPPING CATS.

The mystery of the disappearance from their homes recently of a number of Bedfordshire cats was solved at the police-court yesterday when two men were fined for stealing them, and a third man, Clement Howard, was fined £10 for having a cat in his possession.

The evidence showed that large consignments of cats have been sent by Howard to a certain house in a London suburb alleged to be visited by "medical gentlemen."

"If he can afford to take a girl out he can pay me," said an Irishwoman, who sued a youth for £75, in a Southwark County Court yesterday. The Judge agreed.

Mr. James Welch Sings His Great Drury Lane Song To-night.

NOTABLE FEATURE.

Audience Give Mr. Seymour Hicks and the Gibson Girls a Rapturous Welcome.

Again this morning we have an announcement of exceptional interest to make concerning the *Daily Mirror* week at the Lyceum Theatre.

On Wednesday evening Mr. James Welch returned to London from the Riviera, whither he was ordered some weeks ago when his health gave way.

A very large number of people are disappointed that they did not hear his great song in "The White Cat"—the song which won instant popularity—"A Square Peg in a Round Hole," by Messrs. Bovill and Abraham. Knowing this, the *Daily Mirror* approached Mr. Welch yesterday, and persuaded him to consent to sing it at the Lyceum to-night and to-morrow—the last two evenings of our tenancy of the theatre.

Mr. Welch will, therefore, make his appearance about half-past ten this evening, and again at Saturday's last performance, and sing his most amusing topical song.

Bewy of Beauty.

Mr. Seymour Hicks's appearance at last night's performance caused the doors of the Lyceum to be besieged earlier than ever, and by crowds even larger than had been the case on the earlier days of the week.

It was such an unprecedented experiment for a popular actor-manager to come and amuse a variety theatre audience before beginning his night's work at his own house. And the people were eager, too, to see the "divinely tall and most divinely fair" Miss Camille Clifford, with the bewy of other Gibson girls who were to accompany Mr. Seymour Hicks.

At the end of "Rip Van Winkle" the applause was deafening. Never was there a more unmistakable demand for an encore. Mr. Hicks looked at his watch doubtfully. Then he put it quickly back in his pocket, and, with a good-humoured smile, went on again to sing "The Quaint Old Bird."

Its lively air caught on at once. The audience would have liked him to go on singing it all the evening.

As it was, before he was allowed to retire he was compelled to give five encores. Then Miss Camille Clifford did her famous Gibson Girl song and walk.

"Vaudeville" Success.

There was no doubt about it—the Vaudeville turn had been an enormous success. Rapturously received, too, was the selection from "Il Trovatore" by the renowned operatic singers from Paris, Brussels, and Nice. If anything, it goes even better than the "Faust" scene.

Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, was present at the second house.

To-night Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Camille Clifford, and the others will appear again at the same time—ten minutes to eight—and to-morrow night also.

But it must not be supposed that the appearance of Mr. Seymour Hicks and his fair companions at the Lyceum interferes in any way with their customary performance at the Vaudeville Theatre. The entire programme at that theatre is given every night as usual.

Note, in addition to this, that at to-morrow afternoon's performance Mr. George Alexander will repeat the recitations which were such a success on Wednesday. He is timed to appear about half-past four.

Seats can be booked at the Lyceum any day from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m., or at any of the libraries or agencies.

TO-NIGHT'S PERFORMANCES.

The first performance to-night, beginning at seven o'clock, will terminate exactly at nine, and the second performance, beginning at 9.15, will close at 11.15.

The coupon below entitles the holder to admission at the cheap prices printed thereon to either of the performances to-day or to any one of the performances advertised for this week:—

"DAILY MIRROR" LYCEUM WEEK.

THIS COUPON WILL ADMIT THE HOLDER to the Lyceum Theatre for any one of the advertised performances to-day or during this week at the following prices:—

PRIVATE BOXES (to hold four) £1 1s. 8 12s. 6d. PIT-STALLS .. 1s. 0d.
STALLS .. 6d. GALLERY .. 3d.
DRESS-CIRCLE .. 1s. 6d. GALLERY .. 0s. 3d.

Excepting the Amphitheatre and Gallery, all seats can be reserved on application with this Coupon to the Box Office, Lyceum Theatre, Strand.

February 10, 1905.

NOVEL OF REAL LIFE.

Begins at a Rectory, and Ends in the Law Courts.

WIFE AND A FRIEND.

The skeleton of a three-volume novel was rapidly sketched by Mr. Barnard and a couple of witnesses during the last quarter of an hour that Mr. Justice Deane's Court sat yesterday.

Counsel took for his opening scene a village rectory down in Devonshire. Here he introduced Mr. Philip Bryant, the son of the rector, making love to a young lady named Lilla, a friend of the rector's daughter. The young man had just returned home from adventures in America.

Leaving the details of the love-making which took place to the imagination of the court, Mr. Barnard devoted his next chapter to a wedding. Mr. Bryant married Miss Lilla at Marylebone Parish Church in 1883.

He took his bride off to Western Australia, and the next important episode in the story was the fact that at Albany in 1897 the young couple made friends with a Mr. Joseph Hatchell Hogarth.

Micauber-like Mission.

India was taken for the scene of the next chapter. With his wife, Mr. Bryant had gone thither in search of "something to do."

He failed to find it, and the Christmas of 1897 found him back home again at his father's rectory in Devonshire.

For the next two years—so it appeared from counsel's statement—Mr. Bryant lived on his father's bounty, having no means of his own.

Then Mr. Barnard sketched an unhappy chapter. He drew a picture of Mrs. Bryant demanding that the rector should make her an allowance, and that she should live somewhere else, apart from her husband.

For some time nothing was heard of her, and then a letter came. The letter said that Mrs. Bryant was lying ill in Sussex in the house of a Mrs. Hogarth. Mrs. Hogarth was the writer of the letter, and mother of the gentleman whom Mr. and Mrs. Bryant had known in Western Australia in 1897.

Climax of the Story.

After this, Mr. Barnard outlined the unhappiest chapter of all. Its main incident was a letter received by Mr. Bryant in Devonshire:—

Sir,—Your wife and I have been living together for some time past. I can only ask you to take the necessary proceedings, that I may make her my wife as soon as possible. My solicitor will supply you with the necessary information.—Yours, etc., J. H. HOGARTH.

So Mr. Bryant "took the necessary proceedings," and yesterday obtained a decree nisi.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

Judge Takes a Prosaic View of an Elderly Gallant's Conduct.

An unchivalrous ending in the shape of a decree nisi "with costs against the co-respondent" came yesterday upon the "knight errant" romance that has been engaging the attention of Mr. Justice Deane.

The knight errant, a Birmingham picture-dealer, failed to persuade the Judge that his valiant encounters with Mr. A. G. Roden, a commercial traveller, also of Birmingham, had no reference to an illicit intrigue with Mrs. Roden. His Lordship took a Lancelot-Guinevere view of the matter.

Mr. Barnard cross-examined the knight errant, who is an elderly knight, about his jousts with Mr. Roden—a horse-ship and a walking-stick were the weapons used by the latter—and the knight admitted that he had not taken police court proceedings for the wounds that he suffered.

He was also questioned about the strange coincidence that took him to Bournemouth in search of convalescence at the very period of the summer following the jousts that Mrs. Roden had chosen for a visit to Bournemouth.

Why did he go to Bournemouth? And why did he lodge at the house that sheltered Mrs. Roden? Why did he take what he called "pine walks" with her?

The knight had chivalrous and noble answers to all of these questions, but the Court arrived at the sad decision recorded above.

Contractors to H.M. Government.

The Children's Breakfast.

CREAMY PLASMON OATS

Require no milk. Cooked in 4 minutes.

PLASMON OATS make twice as much porridge at an equal measure of any other oats of BREAKFAST FOOD.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Placing the cruiser Philomel on the obsolete list has caused great surprise. She was only completed in 1900, and has just been refitted and repaired at a cost of £24,000.

Dr. Preston, Roman Catholic Bishop of Phœcia, died yesterday at his brother's house at Lancaster.

Monmouth has the highest proportion of licences of any English or Welsh town, namely, one for every ninety-one inhabitants.

Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., says one of the voluntarily enlisted soldiers in America is worth at least two European conscripts.

After a week's loss of memory through overstrain, a Windsor visitor yesterday remembered that he was an actor, who had been playing in "The Belle of New York."

Judge Emden, at the Lambeth County Court yesterday, refused to commit a man on a judgment summons because, "being eighty-six years of age, he is more or less ill."

In his efforts to discover whether birds can smell, Dr. Alexander Hill, of Downing College, Cambridge, tried tincture of asafœtida and powdered camphor without effect.

The First Garden City, Limited, was a year old yesterday. The directors report that the property is going up in value, and that the company's first year has been a profitable one.

With liabilities amounting to nearly £100,000, the old-established firm of John McNairn and Co., produce merchants, Glasgow, has suspended payment. The bulk of the debts are with American traders.

When the shop of Messrs. Spink, butchers, of Sloane-square, was opened yesterday morning it was found that the safe, weighing 3cwt. and containing £25 in money, had been carried away by burglars.

So narrow was a well into which an old man named Hall fell at Mundham, near Chichester, that he was unable to move. He was drowned in a few feet of water, his boots sticking out above the well top.

Mr. George R. Sims is the recipient of an honour unique among English journalists. In recognition of his championship of Adolf Beck, King Oscar has conferred upon him the Knighthood of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf (First Class).

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER,



Who yesterday presented the Marquis with a son and heir. The young lord will take the title of Lord Burghley. The first holder of the title was the famous Lord William Burghleigh of Queen Elizabeth's time.—(Lallie Charles.)

Kissing at church entertainments is deprecated by the Rev. William Hall, of Comrie.

Robert Turner, who was present at Balacava and received personal attention from Florence Nightingale, has died at Doncaster.

Miss Marie Lloyd's condition was much improved yesterday. It is hoped she will be able to move to a health resort early next week.

King Edward is somewhat concerned at the fact, says the "Western Daily Press," that the number of peers who attend the opening of Parliament is falling off.

Miss Alice Balfour, the Premier's sister, arrived at No. 10, Downing-street, yesterday, from White-tinghame, to take charge of her brother's official residence during the ensuing session.

Acting under the belief that prevention is better than cure, Leeds health authorities are placarding the streets advising vaccination, or re-vaccination, in consequence of the prevalence of small-pox.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, is the composer of the operetta to be produced at the Palace Theatre, on the 27th inst., and Mr. H. A. Lytton is responsible for the libretto.

Only British labour and material are being employed in building the King's Sanatorium at Midhurst.

Bournemouth Town Council have decided to erect municipal buildings at an estimated cost of £70,000.

Mr. Harwood Banner has been selected Conservative candidate for the Everton Division of Liverpool.

Richmond Rifle Club members have to thank the King for a site in Richmond Park for a 100 yards rifle-range.

Under the new Act the Birmingham licensing justices decided yesterday to reduce the licences in the city by thirty-six.

Mr. Fabian Ware, Director of Education in the Transvaal under Lord Milner, has been appointed editor of the "Morning Post."

Foulness Island, off the Essex coast, has at last been placed in telegraphic communication with the outside world, and the 600 inhabitants are elated.

Born a few months before the battle of Waterloo, Mr. James Wilson, who has just died at Thearne, near Beverley, had lived during the reigns of five sovereigns.

Immediately after paying £30 for a crayon portrait of Thackeray, drawn by Goodwin Lewis, the chief librarian at Kensington Central Library was offered £50 for it.

PRESENTATION TO ORGANIST.



Dr. Joseph Bridge, organist of Chester Cathedral, and brother of Sir Frederick Bridge. He has just received a presentation of an address, some silver-plate, and a cheque for 200 guineas, in recognition of his services to music in Chester for twenty-five years.—(Chidley.)

Fir Vale Workhouse enjoys the distinction of having had a visit from would-be burglars, two men being "caught in the very act" of entering.

To prevent people stepping over in fog or in the dark, the Great Northern Railway Company are whitening the edge of their railway platforms.

"Is it right to encourage married couples to have 'no encumbrances'?" asked Dr. Anderson, in discussing the appointment of a porter and portress for Barrow Workhouse.

Old, hard felt hats, which were valueless up to a few months ago, can now be sold for 27 a ton. They are burned to get the shellac in them, which is worth 2s. a pound.

Ten bronze coins found in a boat 18ft. below Hood-street, Liverpool, in what looked like an ancient river-bed, have just been identified as Roman, struck about the year 250 A.D.

Keepers of lighthouses and lightships on the southern and eastern coasts of England are to aid the British Ornithologists' Club in studying the migration of birds within the kingdom.

Consigned by a Congleton firm, a parcel containing £130 in cash was stolen directly after being put into a box at Crew Station. Detectives of the North-Western Railway are mystified by the occurrence.

"If he goes to prison," remarked Judge Owen at Cardiff County Court, "he will get out of condition." He was referring to a local prize-fighter who was fined, with the option of imprisonment, for not answering a summons.

Fifty square yards of surface were nearly whitewashed in seven minutes at Newcastle by means of a pneumatic spraying machine just invented. One man worked the pump and another directed the spray, no ladder being required.

At Sotheby's yesterday a silver penannular brooch of the Hiberno-Scandinavian period, found in 1785, was sold by auction for £51. It consists of a silver ring 7in. in diameter, a pin 20in. long being attached. It weighs just over 21oz. tray.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

WHO IS HE?

On page 9 we give a series of photographs of the man who is under arrest in America on suspicion of attempting to blow up the Atlantic liner Umbria. The exact charge on which he was arrested was that of demanding £100 from Mr. Patrick Kelly, of Philadelphia, as the price of giving information as to the whereabouts of his brother, Mr. Owen Kelly, who mysteriously disappeared; but the real cause of his detention is the belief that he is the perpetrator of a number of dynamite outrages.

The story of the attempt to destroy the Umbria will be readily recalled. Just before the liner was about to leave New York for Liverpool, the police received an extraordinary letter warning them that there was a box containing 100lb. of dynamite and an infernal machine for exploding it, waiting for shipment at the quay. They made a search, and found the box as described, and it was positively stated by the police officials that it would have exploded in a very few minutes had they not been able to deal with it in the nick of time.

Further interest was aroused when the man whose portrait we give was arrested by the discovery in his rooms of a slip of paper on which was written, "The destruction of the Naronic was complete." The Naronic was a fine new liner of 5,030 tons displacement, which left Liverpool for New York on February 11, 1893, with seventy-four men on board and a general cargo. Nothing more was ever heard of her.

It is believed that the man was also concerned in other dynamite outrages in Colorado and elsewhere, and the New York police have been making close inquiries into his antecedents.

He gave the name of Gessia Rousseau, and is a man about forty years old, of medium height, and sturdy build. He has a smooth face, florid complexion, and blue eyes; and speaks with an Irish brogue.

MARRIED BY A WOMAN.

A wedding ceremony has just been performed by Mrs. Lewis, whose portrait appears on page 8. Though not absolutely without precedent, such an occurrence is so extremely rare that it is worthy of special notice.

Mrs. Lewis is a well-known temperance advocate in Blackburn, and undertook to perform the ceremony, more or less on the spur of the moment, at the request of the bride. She went to the local Congregational chapel, where the wedding was to take place, simply as a friend of the young couple who were to be united. When the bride asked her to marry them, Mrs. Lewis jokingly assented, and as the minister of the chapel, the Rev. Joseph Dugdale, said he would be very pleased if she would "tie the knot," finally consented to do so in earnest.

Mrs. Lewis remarked that it was quite probable that she would receive other requests from some of the people she has been working among to perform wedding ceremonies, but added that, before doing so, she should ask many more questions than clergymen usually do.

A NEW MOTOR FOR THE ARMY.

The value of the new Diplock "Pedrail Tractor" as a means of pulling heavy guns and wagons over broken country has just been tested at Aldershot.

The Pedrail, of which we give a picture on page 9, was attached to a trailer weighted to about five tons—a 4.7 gun, which would have represented a fair load, not being forthcoming. The stretch of ground chosen for the trial included a steep descent into a gully and a stiff climb out of it, and notwithstanding the loose and slippery nature of the soil, the new motor triumphantly surmounted these obstacles to progress. The curious "feet" with which the back wheels are fitted gripped the ground admirably, and there is little doubt that a number of "Pedrails" will soon become part of the Army equipment.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

Railway Passenger Pays a Terrible Penalty for His Inquisitiveness.

Through peeping at a couple in an adjoining carriage, Ernest Sarsons met with a terrible death on the railway near Bruce Grove Station.

After being introduced by Sarsons to a Miss Murphy, a man named Mason offered to accompany the lady to her home at Deftford.

Soon after the couple left Lower Edmondton Station Miss Murphy twice saw a face at the window. She was startled and cried out.

When the train reached Seven Sisters-road the door of a carriage was found open, and later Sarsons was discovered on the line, dead, with his head terribly injured.

At the inquest yesterday the verdict was that Sarsons fell while walking on the footboard.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1905.

"POOR TRUSTING FOOLS."

NOTHING more pitiful could be imagined than the misery of the wretched victims of Nelson's Pension Tea Scheme. For years past these poor women have been paying two shillings a pound for their tea—making desperate efforts to scrape together the money every week—on the faith of the promise of a pension after a certain time. Now the company has failed. Their hard-earned savings are swept away. Their hope of keeping the wolf from the door has been dashed to the ground.

Warnings in the Press against the fallacious nature of the promise made to them have been sounded time after time. Perhaps these did not reach them. Perhaps they disregarded the voice of caution. They knew nothing of the world and its miry ways. They believed what they wanted to believe. Now, when it is too late, they are bitterly repeating their misplaced confidence.

Nothing, it seems, can teach the mass of people that in money matters no one should ever be implicitly trusted. Benefit clubs have come to grief over and over again. Building societies have failed by the score. Solicitors have absconded with their clients' money in large numbers. Yet there are still to be found thousands of men and women who are ready to put faith in anybody who tells them a plausible tale of profits to be made easily, of incredible advantages to be reaped at small cost.

The worst of it is that these unhappy creatures are always those who can least afford to lose their money. In this tea pensions case the victims are widows, all sunk in poverty. For a great many of them the only refuge now is the workhouse. Of those who deluded them it is hard to write calmly. Will nothing be done to bring these heartless speculators to justice?

CURL-PAPERS AND CIVILISATION.

The question discussed by the Edmonton Education Committee—"Should children be allowed to go to school in curl-papers or not?"—may seem at first blush to be one of the very smallest importance to the community at large. Yet it should be a matter not only of interest, but of moment, to everyone who understands what education really means.

You will admit that it is (at least) of equal advantage to a child to be trained in habits of cleanliness, neatness, and propriety as to be taught the names and dates of the kings of England or the number of yards of cloth annually exported from Manchester. Once upon a time it was held to be the duty of parents to supply this training. Once upon a time the great majority even of poor parents did their duty in this respect.

Nowadays there are thousands of homes in which children are allowed to grow up unkempt, unclean, uncared for, lacking altogether in self-respect, in a fair way to become noisome pests instead of decent members of society. Isn't it a good thing to try and give these children in school something of the training they ought to get, but do not get at home?

In the Edmonton case there was no suggestion of neglect on a parent's part. The mother whose conduct was under discussion had put up her children's hair in papers in order to keep it tidy for a school treat. But surely the teacher was in the right when she pointed out that civilised people do not appear in public in curl-papers. How can we expect children to grow up civilised if they are told such things either at home or at school?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE Crown Prince of Sweden is in an unfortunate position. He is a king, and not a king—that is to say he has frequently to govern as he is doing now, and he has to do this without the privileges, such as they are, of crowned and sceptred royalty. King Oscar, who is the most cheerful and pleasant of private gentlemen, has found the work of government too much for him before now. In 1899 he retired for a long time to the Riviera; he goes almost every year to Biarritz, where he may be seen bathing on warm days in a surprisingly-striped bathing-suit, and always, as the Swedish Constitution provides, the Crown Prince has the business of reigning shifted on to him.

King Oscar has always seemed to me, when I have seen him at Biarritz or Wiesbaden, a singularly unofficial person, who only asks to be let

alone. Frequently, in effect, he does pass unrecognised, and some amusing things happen. Three years ago, at Wiesbaden, he was sitting smoking in the hotel sitting-room, where some men were loudly proclaiming the beauty of republicanism. At last, one ardent democrat turned to him and said: "I suppose by your silence that you are a Monarchist, sir. Will you tell me why you prefer that form of government?" "I have excellent reasons," said the stranger quietly; "the first of them being that I am a king myself." Complete defeat of the democrat.

To-day Lord Charles Beresford is fifty-nine. May he live long to tell us, in the plain terms he has always used, how the Navy is to be freed from red-tape. That the nation has come to recognise his irreplaceable value as a critic of sleepy Governments was seen when Lord Charles met with a serious accident out hunting last year. He was changing horses, and jumped too far in mounting, so that he fell on his head, and got what seemed a

very serious blow. He was quite a sensation at the time, and everybody was delighted when it proved to be only a slight accident after all.

"Charlie" Beresford is indeed the English ideal of a gallant sailor. His frank speech and manner delighted all those who had had long and weary experience of "public speaking," when he stood for the constituency of York seven years ago. At the close of one of his meetings there a solemn clergyman, old, pompous and parochial, came up to congratulate him. "I had the honour of being confirmed by your respected uncle, the Primate of All Ireland," he said. Lord Charles immediately shouted across the room to his brother, the late Lord William Beresford, "Bill! Bill! Here's an old parson says he was confirmed by Uncle John—come up and have a yarn with him."

One is not surprised to hear that the Duchess of Albany has just accepted the presidency of the Kingston Literary Society, for she had always been an omnivorous reader. Indeed, now that she lives in comparative retirement she makes reading her main recreations. The Duchess has had a life full of disappointments and sadness. She married the young Duke of Albany when she was only twenty-one. It is said that when Queen Victoria received her as his bride she kissed her sadly and said: "You know my son is something of an invalid, and you may find the life a trying one."

The Duchess replied that she had had a nurse's training, and would bring experience with her into her married life. But her hopes for the future were destroyed when her husband died two years after her marriage, leaving her with a little son and daughter. She was staying at Claremont Escher, where she is now, when the news of the Duke's death at Cannes arrived. It was Queen Victoria herself who drove up on that tragic morning and broke the news to her. Since then the Duchess of Albany has had a peculiar affection for the place.

A railway carriage is an extraordinary and inconvenient place in which to be ill, and one feels particularly sorry for Mne. Paderewski, who is unable to move from her husband's private car, which has broken down near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Mne. Paderewski is the famous pianist's second wife. His first wife was the daughter of a rich Roumanian, whom he first saw and fell in love with as she sat at a concert listening to his playing. He played better at that concert than he had ever played before. This young girl left everything she had in the world to marry him.

Her father, however, disapproved of the marriage, and refused absolutely to help his daughter and the "pauper musician." So they were extremely poor. Paderewski used to sit all day practising—six hours, eight hours a day—tirelessly, his wife working by his side. At last the hardships of their life made her ill. She required sun, luxuries, many things that poverty cannot provide. Paderewski, like poor Edgar Allan Poe, under similar circumstances, tried desperately to make money. But when some engagements came at last they came too late. His wife had died of consumption.

Paderewski, in spite of such sad experiences, is a witty, unaffected man, who has many comic stories to tell about the persecutions his admirers have inflicted upon him. Once he was dining at a famous New York restaurant. Before dinner he washed his hands in the cloak-room, and while the waiters were pouring him with soap and water a loud-voiced American rushed up to him and said, "You're very like Paderewski; do you know him?" "I am Paderewski." "What!" screamed the American, grasping him by both soapy hands, "Here, all of you," he shouted, "come here, quick!" His guests, a crowd of men in evening dress, poured in. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Paderewski," said the American in triumph.

Everybody was disappointed at not seeing Mrs. Theodore Wright at Wyndham's last night. But everybody was glad to see Miss Fortescue, who played her part, acting in London again. Miss Fortescue is usually associated with stage rescue and rescuee, and her last performance was one of her greatest successes in "Pygmalion and Galatea," where she had actually to be a statue, and to descend from a pedestal into life. One night the beauty of the scene in which she did this was marred by the sudden appearance of her poodle, which ran on to the stage, jumped on to the empty pedestal, and sat there gravely, amidst roars of laughter from the audience.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 9.—I am writing to-day of an Isle of Wight garden. In coming to "The Island" I have almost jilted into spring. February is gone; it is the middle of March!

Crocuses are in full bloom. Soon the primroses will be at their best. Nothing astonishes me more than the way the laurestins flower in warm localities. Here it is one sheet of rosey-white bloom. In many cold places the buds will hardly open.

These two lovely low-growing plants, the white and purple rock-cress, are a blaze of colour. It is a veritable peep into the future for a garden-lover.

E. F. T.

A PATHETIC PARTING.



The German gipsies, our unwelcome visitors, appear to be at last on their way back to their own country—to the inexpressible grief of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Winston Churchill.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Sir William Butler.

HE has rather a busy time before him. He has just been made chairman of a belated Commission which is to inquire into certain matters connected with the purchase of supplies for the South African war, and he has been selected as a Liberal candidate for East Leeds.

He will make a dignified chairman and a dignified M.P., if he wins his seat, for in appearance he is one of the most striking men in the Army.

He stands well over six feet, and they say in the Army that the length of his epaulettes from collar to shoulder are almost a record. He is certainly enormously broad, and he is as straight in the back as he was thirty years ago, though he is much nearer seventy than sixty to-day.

His face, too, is a striking one, with its high, bald forehead, straight-gazing eyes, firm-set mouth half-hidden under a white moustache, and with the old-fashioned white whiskers.

He is well known in society, where he has a reputation of his own as well as one as husband of his wife—for Lady Butler is one of the most famous painters of the century.

He has done a good deal of writing, and his books, telling of his adventures all over the world, are not only well written but full of true Irish wit. He has written poetry of a mean order, too. That he is an Irishman you can find at once without being told, for he has never lost the brogue of his beloved Tipperary.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

The Thrush's First Song.

HAS spring come? It seemed like it yesterday. Everywhere the birds were breaking into song, while the sparrows, who have kept up an incessant twittering all the winter, except during those very cold days, when they moped, half frozen under the lee of the chimney-stacks, were literally clamorous.

The speckle-breasted thrush who, in spite of charitable bread-crumbs, had visibly shrunken day by day, was quite a different person again.

After hopping perkily about with his head well on one side, he darted off to burst into his first song of the year from some neighbouring bush.

How that first song breathes of spring! Trees are not budding. The sky is still the sky of winter.

The evenings are still shrouded in the wintry fog, but that song from the speckled thrush makes one think again of green trees and brilliant sun.

It conjures up visions of a deep Devon lane, winding between its high banks and lofty elms, to some garden old orchard, shrouded in grey lichen, where from the vivid emerald grass spring the first golden daffodils, even their bright leaves paling against the rich colour of the grass upon that strong red land.

It is a short vision, for the song soon stops, but it makes London very dreary by comparison.

SEEN BY OUR CAMERA MAN



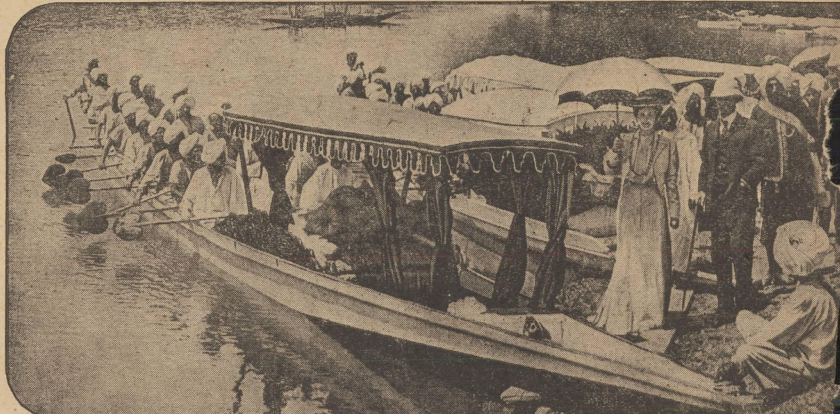
NEWS IN

PERFORMED A MARRIAGE CEREMONY.



Mrs. Lewis, a well-known temperance advocate, who was attending a wedding of a young couple at Blackburn, when the bridal pair expressed the wish that she might marry them, whereupon the pastor invited Mrs. Lewis to tie the nuptial knot, which she did with much dignity and dispatch.—(F. Burton.)

LADY CURZON RETURNS WITH HER CHILDREN TO



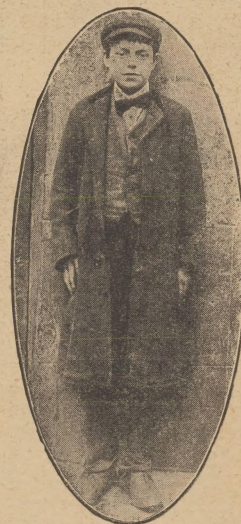
Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy, is returning to India to-day with her three children. She is restored to perfect health and is delighted with the prospect of being once more among the people in whom she has grown so much interested. Her favourite method of travelling in India whenever it is possible to go by water. A portrait of Lady Curzon appears on page 10.

ARMY PEDRAIL TRIALS.



Testing the possible military value of the new Diplock "Pedrail Tractor" at the official War Office trial at Aldershot.

HELPED THE POLICE.



William Bocking, a messenger boy, who greatly helped the City Police in capturing two thieves who were attempting to open show-cases on Ludgate-hill.

RECITING AT



Mr. George Alexander, reciting at the Albert Hall, tomorrow's matinee.

COMMITTEE WHO WILL SELECT THE ENGLISH TEST-MATCH TEAMS.



MR. J. A. DIXON.



LORD HAWKE.



MR. P. F. WARNER.

The committee of three which has been appointed to select the England teams for the Test matches during the forthcoming cricket season.

BIG CROWDS AT THE TORREY



The Albert Hall is growing too small for the great Torrey of people who are unable to gain admission daily stand outside the hall waiting for the door to open. The thousands of trances waiting for the door to open.

IEWS

Snapped for News

IA TO-DAY.



after her late serious illness, photograph shows Lady Curzon's the right.—(Underwood.)

LYCEUM TO-MORROW.



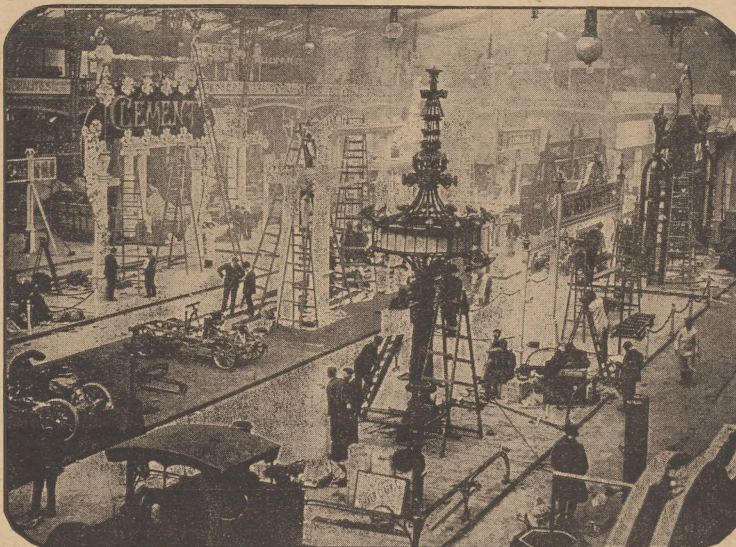
recite for the *Daily Mirror* at to-the Lyceum Theatre.

EXANDER REVIVAL MEETINGS.



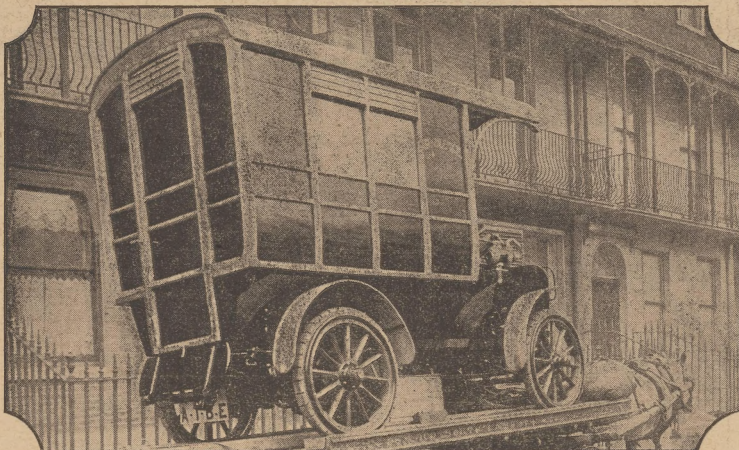
er mission which is now being conducted there. Thousands hall while the meetings are proceeding, listening to the sing- photograph shows a crowd lined up outside one of the en- —(Daily Mirror copyright.)

£300,000 WORTH OF MOTOR-CARS ON EXHIBITION TO-DAY.



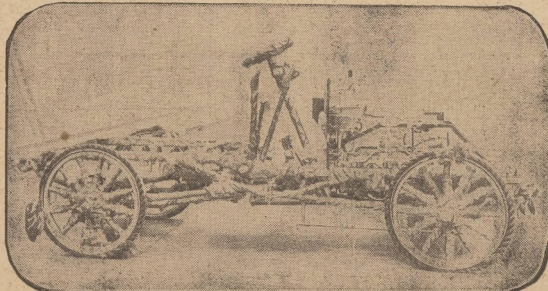
Putting on the finishing touches at Olympia for the great motor-car exhibition, which opens there to-day. It is estimated that the aggregate value of the cars on view will exceed £300,000.

STREET MOTOR-AMBULANCE.



Conveying one of the new street motor-ambulances to Olympia for the opening of the big motor-car exhibition to-day. The Metropolitan Asylums Board are about to adopt motor-ambulances for the conveyance of patients to the various hospitals under their control.

MOTOR-CAR IN TRAVELLING COSTUME.



This photograph shows how the cars are conveyed to Olympia, with each part carefully wrapped up, for the big motor exhibition which opens there to-day.

UMBRIA BOMB.



The United States authorities are trying to identify this man, whose alias is Gessler Rosseau. They think he is some notorious European Anarchist.

AND HER STAR.

Peasant Woman About Whom Shines
a Mysterious Radiance.

MANY WITNESSES.

Whole District Converted by Her Mar-
vellous Powers.

Wales, worked up to a state of religious frenzy by the revival fervour of Evan Roberts, is roused to a state of mixed enthusiasm and dread at the mysterious happenings in the county of Merionethshire.

On the lonely farm of Islaw'rffordd, a couple of miles from Dyffryn Station, mid-way between Barmouth and Harlech, on the Cambrian Railway, lives Mrs. Mary Jones, over whom rests a mysterious heavenly Light as she goes about her revival work in the surrounding country.

Though a regular church-goer and communicant for seventeen years, Mrs. Jones's conversion only dates back about two years. Greatly impressed by the work which Evan Roberts was doing in the South of Wales at the end of last year, she lifted up her voice in public prayer for the first time, and broke down hopelessly. Then, in the privacy of her own chamber, she prayed long and earnestly that she might be the means of converting her friends and neighbours.

HER SERVICE ACCEPTED.

One night she had a vision in which she was told that what she asked was for another. In the morning she visited this friend, and imparted to her the message she had received.

"Oh, I can never do it," was all her friend would say.

That night Mrs. Jones's "Star" appeared. It was December 5, 1904. She attended the little chapel, and told how the commission had been refused, and "my service is accepted," she said.

From that moment she set about her new work, and within a fortnight all but four of the friends and neighbours whom she had prayed to be allowed to convert had publicly professed their conversion.

Led by her Star and Light, she then extended her mission, and the four chapels and two churches at Dyffryn fell under her influence almost at once. And the mysterious Lights and Star. They have been seen all over the district in which she has so far carried on her work. It extends from Cricieth in the north to Aberdovey, forty miles to the south. When she arrived at Cricieth by train the Star was seen shining above the house in which she was to stay. At Harlech the Lights were watched by dozens of people.

Mrs. Jones never sets out upon a mission unless the Light is ready to accompany her, and it returns with her after the mission is accomplished.

Herself quite ready for her meeting, Mrs. Jones waits for the coming of the Star. Suddenly it springs into being, brilliantly white and infinitely larger than any other star, like a powerful light hanging in the heavens some two miles away.

It is impossible to suggest that it is an ordinary star, for it is to be seen when the sky is clouded, and its size is infinitely too great. From its surface flash rays as from some enormous diamond.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXX.

Turning some pages in the Book of Life is like
dying and beginning to live again.

The sound of a door opening roused Vanna from the stupor of misery into which she had fallen. She lifted her head, and turning, still on her knees, she saw Lady Betty come into the room. The elder woman's face was full of eager, apprehensive questions.

"Your man told me that a gentleman had been with you, and had gone about half an hour ago," she began hurriedly. "I knew it must be Tony. Oh, Mrs. Tempest, why did you see him again? You have only hurt yourself cruelly, I can see it."

Vanna had risen to her feet. She brushed back her heavy hair with a weary gesture, and pressed both hands to her throbbing forehead. But her voice was quite calm; and was her face any more than that of the desperate, passion-ridden woman whom Lady Betty had known. She seemed rather like a being who had put all emotion away from her for ever. It was the merciful reaction without which she could have borne the strain no longer.

In that last half-hour since Anthony Heron had left her had been epitomised all that she had ever felt and suffered and endured. Her soul had been like a scrap of wreckage tossed about in deep waters, mercilessly buffeted, and caught in the fiercest

currents of the sea. Then, when the great tide had had its way, it had hurled her soul on to the shore of silence, which is desolation—stranded, but no longer torn and tortured by the fury of the waves.

"It had to be, Lady Betty," she said, and made her guest sit down, and sat down herself, and began to smooth out little crosses in her gown. "And, indeed," she added, with a strange little laugh, "it wasn't so very bad. I only made a little bit of a scene, and for the rest we talked philosophy and exchanged our views about Fate and such things."

"I liked philosophy! Oh, Mrs. Tempest, it was not for that you sent for him?"

"I sent for him to talk about something else," said Vanna, "money."

Lady Betty started, just as Anthony Heron himself had started when Vanna had broached the subject to him a little while ago.

"Money!" exclaimed the elder woman in a sharp undertone. "I had never thought of that."

"Neither had he; neither had I until after I had written refusing to see him. Then I remembered, and I wanted to tell him myself, and I want you to know."

"You mean that you have refused to take any more from him?"

Vanna nodded.

"How could I—now?" she asked simply.

"No; I suppose you couldn't. What did he say? At least, I know what he said."

"Of course you do, Lady Betty. He was most generous. He said it would be paid whether I touched it or not, and things like that. You see, he knows what a poor creature I am. Oh, I think the money has been the worst part of all, now that I have been forced to look it in the face," she went on, with a hint of the old wildness in her voice. "I have been so despicable, so vile,

AT THE LYCEUM.



Miss Camille Clifford, who, with her chorus of eight pretty "Gibson girls," is appearing to-night and to-morrow night at the Lyceum to give a clock performance under the management of the "Daily Mirror." (Ellis and Watney.)

IS 'PRAY.'

A Visit to Father John of Cronstadt,
the Man All Russia Reverses.

"TSAR WILL DO RIGHT."

CRONSTADT, Feb. 5.—I came to Cronstadt yesterday to interview Father John of Cronstadt, the lay priest named Podriasnik, whom millions of Russians reverence as much as they do the Tsar. From Oranienburg, on the frozen Gulf of Finland, I drove across the ice in a troika sleigh to the impregnable island with its legendary frowning forts. Despite the assertions of novelists and others, I met with no obstacles on entering the island. Nobody stopped me.

In the courtyard of Father John's house I encountered a peasant kneeling in the snow and praying fervently. I asked "Why do you pray?" He answered: "For Batushka, Ioanna (Father John). He cured my child's blindness."

The stairway leading to Father John's flat was thronged with peasants, crossing themselves. Father John's niece met me and led me through the small, plain flat, whose walls are covered with golden images, into a small bedroom. Here on a little iron camp bed, draped with silver brocade, lay Father John. His face resembles conventional portraits of the Saviour. His eyes are blue, and his cheeks pink. He looks fragile, ascetic, and kindly. His silvery beard and silvery hair, combined with the long, silvery garment he wore, made him resemble a silver statuette with a painted face.

"I AM NEAR DEATH."

He speaks Russian only. Raising himself on his elbow, he blessed me, and said in his drawing, musical, peasant's voice:

"I am dead in one ear, so please speak loudly. I've been ill in bed since December 18. I have no disease now, but am suffering from old age. I am seventy-six, and near death. You are the first foreigner I have seen for months, and probably will be the last I shall see in my life."

"So, the English people have heard of me?"

"Yes, Batushka," I answered. "I have come to ask you what you think of recent events in Russia."

He replied: "Tell everybody I am not a politician. I am a man of peace. I pray daily two hours for peace in Russia. The strikers are in the wrong. I am with God and the Tsar. The Tsar will do right. He is sent from God."

I asked: "Is it true that you intend preaching and issuing a manifesto against the Liberals?"

"No; I am a man of peace. My advice to all is 'Pray.'"

I asked: "What do you think of the war with Japan?"

He said: "I am a man of peace, but the Russians must continue to defend themselves. The Japanese are heathens, but the heathens have rights. I believe the war was sent by God to try the Russians and punish them for their sins. In His good time He will vouchsafe us victory."

I asked, remembering the wonderful stories of miracles wrought by him: "Do you still cure the sick?"

Father John answered: "I cure none. Please explain that to the world. I only pray to God. He has answered me often, but not always. Man's prayers are better than the best medicines."

so base. At first I used to hate myself; day and night I cursed myself, and all the pretty things I put on my miserable back were as hideous to me as filthy rags. Then I grew accustomed to it; it was such an institution. I really think I cheated myself into forgetting where it came from. But now, when I think that everything we have had for the last three years has come from him! And, Joan—he has paid for her lessons, for her clothes, for everything—the bed she sleeps on, the food she eats!" Her voice broke, and she shut her lips with a snap. When she spoke again she had regained her stony and unnatural calm.

"Forgive me, Lady Betty," she said, with something of the penitence of a weary child. "I have done with heroics. I made up my mind when he left me just now that his name should pass from my lips for ever."

"But what are you going to do, my dear?" asked Lady Betty. "How are you going to live?"

"Somehow. I've got a little, which I'm not going to give back—I suppose it's vile of me, but I must take the child away. Then we must work—both of us."

"And what will Joan think?"

"I can't help what she thinks. I shall tell her some lie—never the truth. I could not bear that she should know that."

Lady Betty did not say any more on the subject. As a matter of fact, she did not attach much importance to it. She was accustomed to the power and influence of wealth, and she was quite determined that, whatever happened, Vanna Tempest and her daughter should not want.

"Joan will marry, of course?" was her next remark.

"I hope so—some day."

"What have you done about Harry St. Peter's?"

(Continued on page 11.)



IF YOU SUFFER

from
HEADACHES, FLATULENCY,
PALPITATION, INSOMNIA,
INDIGESTION, LANGOUR,
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HOUSES OR FLATS?

Their Advantages Contrasted and
Their Drawbacks Compared.

LIFTS STILL A LUXURY.

"Flats Cheaper and Pleasanter," but Not
Suited to Large Families of Children.

By Mrs. BELLOC-LOWNDES.

The advantages and disadvantages of living in a flat as compared with a house may be summed up after the fashion which Robinson Crusoe adopted in considering his lot upon the uninhabited island. Robinson, it will be remembered, made a sort of list, and so will we:—

Good.	Evil.
Fewer servants.	Greater proximity of servants.
No stairs inside.	Tiring stairs outside.
Rates paid by landlord.	Generally high rents.
Greater privacy.	No little private garden.
Protection from noise.	Noisy neighbours.
No caretaker needed.	Refuse removal and coal supply a difficulty.
Protection from fire and burglary.	

In drawing up this little table I have had to face the fact that there are all kinds of flats, from the bachelor's sky-parlour in the Temple, or the "maisonnette" in the suburbs, to the very latest "notion" of American luxury, which is about to be built on the site of the Duke of Cambridge's old house in Park-lane. It has, therefore, been necessary to strike a sort of average.

All discussions that are in any way concerned with home and family life inevitably touch pretty closely the social problem. Undoubtedly the first and principal advantage of living in a flat is that you can do with fewer servants.

There are no stairs, except the common staircase outside the flat, which is kept (more or less) clean by the landlord. Also, it must be admitted that the rooms in a flat are generally smaller than in a house of corresponding rental, or else you have to put up with fewer rooms.

LESS WORK FOR SERVANTS.

In either case the amount of domestic labour necessary is considerably reduced, and every housekeeper knows the economy of having only one servant, for instance, instead of two, not only in wages, but also in the victuals consumed in the kitchen.

It was stated a day or two ago by Alderman Isaacs, of the Kensington Borough Council, that the craze for flats, especially in "sky-scraping" blocks, has reached its height and is now subsiding, chiefly because, according to this authority, servants do not like them. I do not agree. The most efficient servants, on the whole, prefer situations in flats; indeed, the majority of them will not now accept a place in an ordinary small house. Of course, the inefficient, idle, flighty kind of servant much prefers a house, where she is the object of gallant attentions from postmen, policemen, and tradesmen's boys.

Where there is only one servant in a flat she probably leads rather a lonely life, unless the mistress takes an active part in the household work. But many mistresses dislike flats chiefly because, as they express it, "you are so mixed up with the servants."

In fact, life in a flat is necessarily more concentrated; with all the rooms on one floor there is

more "popping in and out," and the individual members of the family are bound to have their greater privacy as regards the outside world.

The borer, and the tactless people who always make a point of calling at the most inconvenient time, have you at their mercy if you live in a little house; but they think twice before climbing the stairs of a big block of "mansions" on the chance of finding you at home.

These tiring, outside stairs are a great objection to most flats; the lower floors are generally both dark and noisy, while if you go up alone you pay for your extra light and air by many a weary climb. Lifts are still, comparatively speaking, a luxury, and where they are installed, the rents are naturally much higher.

The rents charged for flats certainly appear high as compared with house rents, but they include all rates and taxes, and, if you have secured a seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years' lease, you can contemplate the extravagance of London municipal bodies with equanimity. It is an immense convenience to have rent, rates, and taxes all lumped together, and to know exactly what you have to pay every quarter.

SAFE FROM THE PLUMBER.

Moreover, you certainly economise in a flat in the matter of repairs. If you are careful to choose a well-built block, you should not be troubled at all with such things as plumbers' bills. In a flat, too, there is, I believe, greater protection both from fire and from burglars—though, perhaps, there may be a difference of opinion as regards the latter.

Regarding the former risk, I know one huge block in which the corridors are patrolled every night by a small army of watchmen, whose faithful performance of their duty is checked by a mechanical device. In most blocks of flats, too, elaborate fire-fighting apparatus is installed, though I always have my doubts as to whether people would know how to work them on the spur of the moment if a sudden alarm of fire was raised.

Where there are young children in a family the absence of a little private garden is a serious objection to flat life, for the garden and balcony forms very inadequate substitutes. Moreover, there is the shaking of mats to be considered, and indeed the removal of all kinds of household refuse. This is really a serious difficulty, especially where there is no lift; as is also the problem of the coal supply.

In many blocks of flats there is a kind of fishing-net elevator which conveys little parcels, such as groceries, to the kitchens on the various floors, but it is, of course, too fragile to take even a small quantity of coal. The ideal solution would be to get in a large quantity of coal at a time, but unfortunately few flats have space for even one ton.

THE HEATING PROBLEM.

I cannot help hoping that some means of supplying heat by electricity, as we already have for the supply of light, may be devised. Meanwhile, many flat-dwellers use gas for cooking with fairly good results, and some even have gas fires in their living rooms. But I regard this as extremely unhealthy, for it seems impossible to prevent a certain amount of leakage.

On the whole, I am convinced that a flat is a cheaper and also a pleasanter place of residence than the corresponding house would be; but I do not regard flats as suitable for large families of healthy, noisy children, who render their parents extremely unpopular with their neighbours.

For childless married couples, for the bachelor man and the bachelor girl, and for all people who like to take frequent holidays, the flat, which needs no caretaker and can be locked up for long or short periods—with practically complete safety, is immeasurably superior either to a house or to furnished lodgings.

MARIE BELLOC-LOWNDES.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

"That is what I wanted to talk to you about, Joan and I spoke things very seriously this morning, and as frankly as we could. She told me that she felt she could not marry the Duke."

"Nonsense!" cried Lady Betty emphatically. "Give her time to get over this shock. Of course, she will marry Harry St. Peter's. I have set my heart on it. Hasn't he been here to-day?"

"No," said Joan, "there was a great deal of doubt and hesitation in her voice." He wrote this morning to ask when he might come. I wrote to him. I had to. Joan made me. I told him that she felt that she had made a mistake, and that she thanked him for having released her, and that we were going away to-day, and that we both felt that it would be better if Joan sent her farewells and her good wishes in my letter, and did not see him again. What else could I say?"

"I think you have done a very foolish thing," said Lady Betty. She spoke with some asperity. "You should have insisted on her keeping her word."

"Are you thinking of the worldly advantages, Lady Betty?" asked Vanna, with intense weariness. There was something almost insulting in her tone.

"No, Mrs. Tempest, I am thinking of your daughter," was the quick, half-metalled retort. "I am not going to mislead you. You know very well that I am your friend—and hers."

"I beg your pardon," said Vanna, with a dreary laugh. "You are quite right—I am a brute." She hated herself; never so much, perhaps, in all her life as at that moment, when she would have vented the ill-temper of the frightful exasperation of her nervous system on so good a friend. "Why

do you think," she added humbly, "that Joan ought to marry the Duke?"

"Because they are thoroughly suited to one another," said Lady Betty, with emphasis. "Because nothing could do Joan so much good just now as Harry's companionship. She has had a shock, and she wants a tonic. He is a healthy, high-spirited, wholesome, English boy."

"Lady Betty!" Vanna's voice grew wistful, and emotion crept into it again. "Do you think she—she would have really cared for him—for Tony?"

"My dear Mrs. Tempest," said the elder woman in her most matter-of-fact tone, "you are asking me a question that I cannot answer."

"I torture myself," Vanna went on vehemently. "I think never was a living creature more tormented than I. If he were really the only man for her—"

"It makes no difference. It is done with. She could never marry him. Harry is the right man. I am going to tell him he is not to lose heart. You will not forbid me to?"

Vanna made a despairing gesture. "I would rather see her in her grave," she said fiercely, "than urge her to marry any man she does not love."

"I know," Lady Betty rose to her feet. "We will not talk about it any more. She must have time. You are really leaving to-night?"

"Yes, I will tell you know where we are."

"You will always remember that I am your friend?"

"I should be a monster if I were ever to forget it," said Vanna. She was caught up in a sudden whirlwind of emotion; she seized Lady Betty's hands and kissed them, and her tears fell and scorched the elder woman's skin.

"Can I say good-bye to Joan?" asked Lady Betty.

"I am afraid she has not come in," answered

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE MALL MILKMAIDS.

It is a very poor compliment to Queen Victoria's memory, kind heart, and sympathetic nature that the improvement necessary for her memorial should dispossess the milkstall women in the Mall from a possession they and their ancestors have held for the past 800 years.

Surely a site can be found for them elsewhere in the park. All the other parks have pavilions for the sale of light refreshments, so that these stallholders only supply a recognised want.

J. T. REYNELL.
51, Calthness-road, West Kensington.

THE PURE MILK PROBLEM.

Under our present system we find it very expensive to supervise the milk trade. Where we had one inspector twenty years ago, we have now ten. Why not economise and provide the public with cleaner and better milk and save the expense of keeping all these officials?

Let the county councils register places selling milk, see if they are fit places for it, and license them at so much yearly. If a dealer's milk is found watered or deficient in cream fine him. The second time fine him double. The third time revoke his licence. By this means we should be able to compel dirty chandler shops to discontinue selling milk.

OVERTAXED.

STAFFORDSHIRE MEN IN LONDON.

Will you permit me to bring to the notice of Staffordshire men the fact that our county is one which is not represented by a society in London, although nearly all the other counties of importance have such societies here?

These societies hold periodical meetings and entertainments, which are largely attended by their London and provincial members, and are the means of promoting cordial intercourse and good fellowship amongst them, and of preserving their interest in the doings of their country.

I propose to collect the names of Staffordshire men who are willing to support such a movement, and afterwards to call a meeting. I shall be glad if Staffordshire residents in London wishing to join will send me their names and addresses.

8, Old Jewry, E.C. T. M. TILL.

MISS FORTESCUE,



Who is playing in "The Lady of Leeds," which was produced at Wyndham's Theatre last night—(Elliott and Fry.)

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LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY.

The Love Story of a Cockney Waiter
and a Provincial Heiress.

"The Lady of Leeds," Captain Marshall's new farcical comedy, produced at Wyndham's Theatre last night, is a "colourable imitation" of "The Lady of Lyons."

It shows how the immensely rich daughter of a ginger-beer maker, staying in Venice, is duped into believing that a penniless, out-at-elbows little Cockney waiter is an Archduke "on the steps of a throne"; how the impostor repents of his trickery, and confesses all in a gondola; and how, at the end, he suddenly becomes rich himself, produces evidence of respectable birth, and wins the lady's hand.

If he had imposed upon her of his own accord, the Lady of Leeds would have forgiven him never. But she discovers that the plot was invented by two adventurers—one an Irish peer, the other a colonel—who had wooed her for her money without success. The waiter was merely their instrument. So he is forgiven and embraced.

MUCH DEPENDS ON THE PLAYERS.

There may not sound a great deal of food for entertainment here. But imagine the waiter played by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and the ginger-beer lady by Miss Nancy Price, and you will have some idea of the humours of the piece. Miss Fortescue has a good part, too, as the titled companion of "the lady of Leeds," who has hard work to put up with her employer's provincialism in speech and costume.

Mr. Vane Tempest and Mr. C. M. Loyne are the two rejected suitors who hatch the infamous scheme for their rich scorned's humiliation. The dialogue is quietly humorous all through in Captain Marshall's familiar manner, and the "fat" is well distributed. Every member of the small but distinguished cast gets a fair share.

her mother, who had drawn back as if ashamed of her outburst of feeling. "She went out some time ago; she said she wanted to go for a last long walk—she is so fond of roaming about Paris. I was glad, because I wanted her to be out—when he came."

"Give her my love, and tell her to write to me."

"I will. Good-bye, Lady Betty. I didn't know there were any women in the world like you. May we come to see you when we come to England?"

"You are coming to England?"

"Later on—if I can manage it. The child longs to go home. I shall take her to some quiet little country place. I—I owe her so much." Her voice died away in something like a sob. As long as she lived she never learned to manage her emotions. No passage through the fiery furnace could teach her self-control.

Lady Betty kissed her tenderly, as she might have kissed a child.

So they parted, and Lady Betty went away, feeling that, for the moment, everything was at an end in the lives of these three people who interested her so much.

They were going their different ways, for, by the laws of God and man, their lives were forbidden to touch.

And yet she did not feel at all easy in her mind. Was the thing really finished, rounded off, irrevocably settled? She was afraid, because she knew Anthony Heron so well, knew that he saw no obstacles in the way of a thing on which he had set his mind. Until Joan Tempest was married she felt that she would know no peace.

Meanwhile, Anthony Heron had gone straight back from his interview with Vanna to his rooms in the hotel, and summoned his secretary and set

He had an enormous amount to do. He had

neglected various things that required immediate attention; his secretary had a stack of half a hundred letters, to which only Heron himself could reply.

So he had no time for thought. Indeed, was not thought superfluous now? It was too late. He had tamely submitted to the judgment of two women on the most important concern of his life. Both women were prejudiced, the one by her feelings, the other by the cast-iron rules of convention.

Between them they had robbed him of his fairy princess, of the only woman who could have forged chains for him that he would have worn as if they were garlands of flowers, of the only being for whom he would have forsworn his liberty, of the girl who had opened for him the gates of Paradise, where walk those who have won the favour of the gods.

And he had made no protest. He could not understand himself. He had spoken no word in his own defence. He had not tried to win her in spite of them. He had not even seen her, or sought to see her. He had let her go without raising a finger, the one woman who counted among all the others—the many who had flattered and courted him, the few who had loved him well.

Why? Was it because he knew his own strength, and refrained from using it? Was it because he knew that if he beckoned she would come, because he knew that the flame he had kindled in her heart was stronger than all else on earth—than kinship, or pity, or fear?

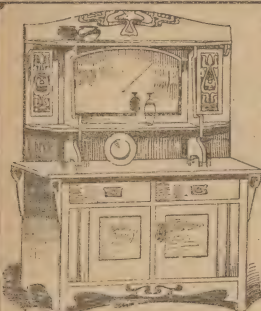
He did not know. He shook himself impatiently as these thoughts crept into his mind, ostensibly bent on the business his secretary had laid before him.

And just at that moment there was a knock at the door.

An hotel servant, in answer to the invitation to

(Continued on page 13)

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FIRST-NIGHT FROCKS.

NEW COLOURS AND FRESH SCHEMES.

Just as a straw shows which way the wind blows, so do dresses that emanate from so great a house as that of Paquin, Dover-street, Piccadilly, show the trend fashion is to take during the coming season. This firm has made the beautiful robes and millinery, and even the parasols and fan, used last night by Miss Nancy Price in Captain Marshall's new play, "The Lady of Leeds," produced at Wyndham's Theatre.

Tarnished Silver and Coloured Bugles.

Miss Nancy Price's dress of the second act is sketched on this page. It is a lovely robe of delicate blue faille de Chine banded at the edge of the skirt and elsewhere touched with Sevres blue velvet, a dye that will be very modish during the coming season. A magnificent form of embroidery embellishes the toilette, carried out in bugle beads of various lengths, with which are interspersed petals and twists of tarnished silver tissue, which help to produce the lovely floral pattern shown in the illustration.

A magnificent cloak is worn by Miss Price with this gown, built of white crêpe de Chine lined with white Oriental satin and white mousseline encrusted with point d'Alençon lace. Silver galon trims the wrap, which has a collar of rich white panne. To complete the picture there is a lovely hat of white satin straw wreathed with a long drooping feather, and a splendid green taffetas parasol, the handle of which is heavy with turquoise and amethysts set in gold.

The New Lime-green Shade.

Another sumptuous toilette is Miss Nancy Price's tillou or lime-green chiffon gown, the picturesque skirt of which is covered with a quaint design fashioned in green ribbon and green chiffon roses. The bodice is a silk one, and is made very pretty and picturesque by the Marie Antoinette fichu that is worn about the shoulders. A hat of every shade of aubergine from the deepest purple wine-red to the palest mauve pink accompanies the toilette, and shows the now so fashionable crown made of massed roses of all the aubergine colours.

A very lovely tea-gown of white lace gives emphasis to the fact that lace coats and gowns are to be excessively modish this season. It is posed upon Oriental satin and is trimmed with ruches of tulle, smart little bows of pink velvet, and pink roses. Another white dress is made of English muslin embroidered in raised medallions and ruches with Valenciennes lace, and appropriately enough a baby hat composed of the same materials, trimmed with white satin ribbon and pink roses, complete this delightful scheme.

A Sunshade Season.

Miss Fortescue's gown of grey crêpe de Chine trimmed upon the full skirt with bands of Oriental satin and inset on the corsage with point de Venise lace, is a lovely robe well matched by a most picturesque Marquise hat of cream guipure adorned with lilac. It is to be a great year for parasols, and more particularly so since the smallest hats are going to be the smartest, and hence there will be a real reason for unfurling the sunshade in order to protect the eyes and complexion.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Moiré ribbons are novelties in this direction. Plum colours shading to amethyst will be very favourite ones for spring costumes and millinery.

The new embroideries show the faintest touch of gold thread in their composition.

Green, brown, and blue are the predominant colours in the latest trimmings.

Mother-of-pearl effects represent the newest note in foulard silks.

Sealion and Russian seal promise to displace walrus leather for handbags.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

enter, announced that a lady desired to see Monsieur Heron.

"If it is Lady Betty Somerville," he answered, "please tell her ladyship that I will be with her in a few moments."

"It is not her ladyship, monsieur," said the man. It is a young lady. She did not give her name."

"A young lady!" Anthony Heron turned abruptly, upsetting a great vase of white lilac that stood on the edge of his writing-table. A vision danced before his eyes—great blue eyes and a mass of bronze-red hair. Ask the lady to come up here," he said. His voice sounded strange in his own ears, it was so full of terrible impatience.

"You may go, Lethbridge," he added, when the servant had left the room. And then, because his secretary did not obey with the lightning celerity at which his own brain was working, he shouted irritably: "Didn't you hear me, Lethbridge? You may go."

He had to spend a few moments alone in the room before his visitor was shown up. They were end-

FREE TUITION.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE?

A knowledge of French and German to a girl who has to earn her own living is well-nigh invaluable, and there are doubtless very many who will be only too glad to learn something of either, or both, and an offer has just been made to me which I am sure will be gladly received.

A young lady with a perfect knowledge of both French and German, who took a first-class at Oxford for modern languages, is very anxious to help girls earning their living by teaching them French and German, so that they may be able with this additional knowledge to command higher salaries. She asks for no fees of any kind at all, her



only stipulation being that the girls who come to her are bona fide and really anxious to learn and to get on. Anybody who would like to take advantage of this splendid offer can write to the Editor of the "Woman's Page" at the *Daily Mirror* office, and they can then be put into communication with this lady.

less ages of intolerable suspense. He picked up the vase that he had thrown down, and buried his face in the fragrant mass of delicate white blossom. He would have liked to have strewn the ground with it for her to tread on. He knew that it was she.

So he was not surprised when Joan Tempest came into the room.

She was not in the least shy or self-conscious, nor were there any traces of a terrible upheaval in her face.

"Blue Eyes!" His voice scarcely rose above a whisper; but it was fraught with the joy of a man who sees again in the flesh a dear face that he has long numbered among the dead.

Now that he saw her again he knew more surely, more poignantly, more irrevocably than ever that, if she did not share his life, he must go lonely to the grave. So sweet she was, so grave, so white, so wonderful! And he had lost her. Ah, no, not lost her, for she had come.

"Mr. Anthony," she said in her clear child's voice, "I have come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye! Oh, Blue Eyes—no!" She transfixed him with her gaze, the transparent clearness of which was clouded over by the dark

GIRLS MEN LIKE.

THOSE WHO DABBLE IN THE ARTS NOT APPROVED OF.

Though all men admire beautiful girls, their liking and affection are often given in quite a different direction. First of all, a man likes a good-



A pretty spring hat, made of gauged Dresden blue chiffon, boldly up-turned in the front to show a mass of yellow roses and forget-me-nots.

tempered girl, one who will not present a scowling appearance if he should be so unfortunate as to tread on her dress and tear its flounce during a dance.

The girl before whom her younger sisters and brothers fly, and to whom they never turn for some trifling favour, does not appeal very forcibly to the man of sense, even though he may admire her dainty figure and faultless clothes, and if he hears her speak of her parents slightlying, he knows full

It is difficult to decide which is the most lovely dress Miss Nancy Price wears in "A Lady of Leeds," but probably this one takes the palm. It is made of pale blue faille de Chine, with sumptuous embroideries executed in coloured bugles and old silver tissue. Bands of Sevres blue velvet complete the scheme.

well in his heart that such a damsel as this will never make a loving wife or tender mother.

Girls should be punctual if they want to be popular. Their brothers and male cousins speedily get this virtue drilled into them at their offices by those who are in authority over them, and they consequently hate the lack of it in others. They

shadow of all the things she did not understand. "I have come without telling anybody," she went on, almost as if she expected to be reproved for it. It is the only thing I have ever done in my life that I have kept a secret. I am not going to tell my mother. I am afraid it would make her sad; but I could not go away without saying good-bye to you."

"You must not go! Blue Eyes, you must not go!"

There was a fierce note in his voice. He gripped her wrists and looked long and madly and hungrily into her eyes. But it was he who turned away.

"Blue Eyes, they have told you cruel things about me," he said in a muffled voice.

"No; I should not have listened," she answered, with shining eyes. Then her face clouded over, and that bewilderment, hunted look came into it that had touched Lady Betty to the very depths of her being.

"It is I who am wicked, mother says. She said—oh, so many things, and I didn't understand them. But I did understand that she would be very sad and miserable if I were to marry you; so, of course, I can't, and I've come to say good-bye."

(To be continued.)

cannot bear waiting about, minute after minute, whilst their sweetheart is considering whether a white veil or no veil at all accords best with her new spring hat. Neither will the girl be liked who at the last minute has to stop to hunt for her card-case, her gloves, her songs, or whatsoever else may be needful for the occasion. This sort of dawdling a man will stand once or twice from someone to whom he is very much attached, but if he is a husband or a brother his polite patience will soon be a thing of the past, and he will probably show himself highly disagreeable if the fault occurs again.

Men do not like girls who make up. They are very quick in discerning even the most innocent coating of powder, and when they discover traces of rouge, pencilled eyebrows, and other elaborate attempts to make a face appear other than Nature has fashioned it, they promptly decide that the devotee of artificialities is certainly possessed of an undue share of vanity.

He Obeyed, but He Punished Her.

Nothing vexes a man more seriously than for a girl to try and display her power over him before other people. Most people know the story of the egotistical lady who threw her glove in the lion's den to make a parade of her lover's devotion, but who was justly punished when her gallant sweetheart fetched the glove at the peril of his life, but threw it at her with the words, "Not love but vanity sets you a task like that!"

If you want to be liked by your men friends, and loved, too, be natural, be sincere; don't say a word against other girls; don't despise housewifely acts; don't declare yourself too utterly bored if you must stay at home and attend to domestic matters, but show yourself pleasing and sympathetic, refrain from snubbing the young man whose looks or attractions may not come up to your standard, and prove yourself beloved in the home circle. Then the wise man will recognise that if he can win such a treasure for his wife he will have gained the woman who is his ideal.

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Opposite National Gallery, Trafalgar-square.

Bain in Argentina.

Canadian Pacific were a good market, but Grand Trunks weakened, owing to fears about the dividend and the traffic, both of which are due to-morrow. There was a reaction in the Argentine market, but it was considerable benefit to the maize crop, and with this and the collapse of the revolution the tendency for Argentine securities to rise has been maintained. The selling of B.A. Pacifics. The Argentine Great Western traffic came to hand, being delayed by the revolution, and the Buenos Aires Railway Company's earnings rose £6 on a traffic increase of \$2,120. The Cuban group was very strong, all the railways rising to 7½ on yesterday's figures. The Mexican Railways had a record year, and more business in the Brazilian railway group. The Argentine Government bonds were weak, but Paris being not disinclined to support its favourites, but here there was no upward movement worth speaking of. The Egyptian market was quiet, but there was some talk of loan talks, but the proximity of the new Chinese loan seemed to check Chinese securities. Argentines were buying again at times of the Peruvian group. Copper shares were distinctly better.

The Argentine foreign banking shares were particularly good, especially the Egyptian group. Docks recovered sharply. The Deferred rising to 71. The Argentine Engineering Enterprises rose on the trials on the North British. The shares were rushed up to 14, a gain of 27 in two days, but they close only 11½. The Argentine Electric Light and Power rose 1½, but then recovered sharply now that the worst is known. The Argentine Telephone, as it is called, the company must find more money, as it is not profitable, but it is a good feature at 57. Anglo-American Telegraphs were

MATTERS OF MOMENT AMONG LEAGUE CLUBS.

The Reduction of Sunderland's
Fine—Inconsistent Decisions
—Cup-ties in Brief.

TO-MORROW'S MATCHES.

Though the appeal of the Sunderland club against the extra fine of £50 imposed by the Management Committee of the League was heard a week on Thursday, the decision arrived at by Messrs. Clegg, Crump, and Woodfall was not made known until Monday.

This, too, despite the fact that the League met the following day in Manchester, where the only information which could be obtained was to the effect that the decision of the Board of Appeal had not yet been communicated.

Surely the public should not be informed of the doings and decisions of the authorities in such a slipshod fashion, and reform is urgently needed, particularly after the Lessons-Baddeley business, in which—though the first-named was reported for an offence committed on December 27 and Baddeley's misdeed took place four days later—the last-named's suspension is dated five days earlier than that of the young Notts Forest player.

Several unkind remarks have been made about the matter, particularly as relating to Mr. Crump, but I cannot conceive that gentlemen taking the least advantage of his position. Quick and, what is quite as important, open legislation is what is required, whether in connection with the F.A. or the League.

Returning to the belated result of the Sunderland appeal, I am glad to see the fine of £50 has been reduced to £25, though I was of opinion that the Board of Appeal would uphold the edict of the Management Committee.

The latter body, by its decision, quite content with the withdrawal of the personal statements made in the Stoke programme over the referee question, though wisely did not discuss the general statements made in the sheet in question.

The cancelling of the engagements of referee Mr. J. W. Horrocks, owing to that gentleman not having adhered to the ruling that no referee or linesman shall report matches for the Press, is a most arbitrary and unjust decision, seeing that both Messrs. Bentley and Lewis are, and have been, regular contributors.

An Inconsistent Decision.
It is, indeed, making a distinction without a difference, and valuable as the items which appear in various papers from the gentlemen named may be, the decision for which they are largely responsible is not at all consistent.

I quite agree with the remarks made in a contemporary on the subject, and may mention that reports of the proceedings at Management Committee meetings, which are closed to the Press, have been supplied to one, if not two, of the leading sporting agencies by members of the committee.

As was just to be expected in view of precedent, Liverpool's protest against the Lincoln City-Lincoln City match, in which it was alleged that the latter side equalised in the two minutes played over the proper time, was dismissed. In fact, nothing else could be done, for the referee was emphatic in his declaration that the correct time was occupied.

Fred Spinkley, the international, has been granted a free transfer from Glossop, and I notice he was playing with the new Association club at Leeds last week in a friendly match against West Bromwich Albion.

A big effort is being made to make the "Soccer" game go in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the once-popular Rugby football has been gradually dying out, and the League only foster the newly-formed club as was done at Bradford another nail will be driven into the coffin of our "Rugger" friends in that part of the country.

The Cup-ties last Saturday have by now been dealt with ad nauseam, and I can only congratulate the Southern clubs on the successful form displayed. It is surely a record to have seven games drawn out of the sixteen.

The North team to meet the South has given pretty general satisfaction. All the men picked belong to the First Division clubs, with the exception of Roberts (Manchester United), who, I ventured to say some time back, would be better fitted for the running for international honours. Wolstenholme, Leake, and Bloomer are the veterans of the party, and the team should do well, for it is indeed a powerful combination, with not a weak spot in it.

To-morrow's League Games.
To-morrow eight League matches are set for decision, and several interesting games are included in the list.

After their visit to Plymouth, Newcastle United can scarcely hope to better the result of the same visit to Bramall-lane, and Everton's replay with Liverpool will not have done the team much good for the engagement against Bury, who might easily triumph at Goodison Park.

Free from Cup worries, the Rovers from Blackburn will appear at Plumstead with more confidence than would have been the case had the Arsenal not had to go to Bristol in mid-week. Small Heath, their unexpected defeat by Portsmouth notwithstanding, should enhance their championship prospects at the expense of Wolverhampton Wanderers.

Preston's clever win over Derby County augurs ill for Notts County, when the forces from Deepdale swoop down on Trent Bridge, and at Aston Villa and Derby County each be met by the same team.

The Villans to the ground of their old rivals will not be in vain.
I quite anticipate Sheffield Wednesday being equal to the occasion at Stoke, despite the efforts of the Porters to escape from relegation to the Second Division, and if Manchester City do beat Middlesbrough, then Master Williamson will prove to be even a better custodian than his selection in the North v. South trial match makes him out to be.

In the Second Division there is a full programme, and the matches at Bolton, Lincoln, and West Bromwich will, of course, form outstanding features.

The first-named, despite having several men on the injured list and another arduous night with Bristol Rovers, ought to beat Chesterfield, but the same cannot be said about Manchester United's visit to Lincoln.

The Clayton team will be meeting a rare bustling side, but, with Freddie and Roberts back in the team, ought to prove successful; and matters at the Hawthorns are in such a woful state that Liverpool view the engagement with equanimity. Still, one never knows, and a slip by either of the three candidates for promotion will, I opine, prove practically fatal.

THROSTLE.

AUSTRALIA'S TEAM.

Colonial Criticism of the Side to Visit
England—The New Men.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

SYDNEY, JAN. 9.—The team has been chosen, as, of course, you have long ago been informed by cable.

The general verdict is that it is not the best team that ever left Australia. It is, however, probably the best that could have been selected at the present time.

Little fear is entertained on the score of batting, and the averages in the inter-State matches played up to the present seem to justify Australia's confidence.

Here are some of them: Howell 73, Hill 62, Noble 39.3, Gehrs 56, Laver 45, Armstrong 42, Duff 42, Gregory 32, Kelly 34.6, Hopkins 32, Cotter 31.5, Darling 27.4.

Trumper, it will be noticed, is not in the list, as he did not take part in the first four inter-State matches. But, leaving him out, there are eleven men, every one of whom has averaged over 30 runs.

Howell well deserves his place at the top of the list. He is taking himself seriously as a batsman again—a thing he has not done since Stoddart brought his first team to Australia. But that does not prevent him from hitting very hard.

The bowling averages tell another tale: Noble 12.4, Laver 25.4, Armstrong 23.8, Cotter 23.3, McLeod 22.1, Howe 20.3, Hopkins 18.5.

Cotter's average will be considerably improved when the figures for the match just played against South Australia are added to his average.

Noble in Fine Form.
Noble, as is usual with him, has been howling with mastery judgment. If Australia is to win any Test matches Noble will be the main factor.

Interest in England is probably centred in the new men, of whom Gehrs is the most promising. His big innings against Victoria on the Melbourne Cricket Ground is best described in the words of "Observer," of the Melbourne "Argus," who has a keen eye for a young player.

"It was pleasant even to see Gehrs stopping them—nothing in the least degree cramped or awkward in his play, but always a free scoring off the bat, and when the chance came a fine stroke."

Gehrs was in four hours and five minutes for an innings of 170 that was masterly in every detail. Not once did he show indecision, and the cleanliness and force made it altogether beautiful exhibition.

Newland scored over his rival, Waddy, in keeping wicket, though far inferior to him as a batsman. But just as clear as a stump was newland's batting, as well as well. He is a hard trier, and has hands that will last through much hard work.

Clem Hill's Marriage.
Clem Hill, you may be interested to hear, joins the ranks of the married men before the team starts. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Hill, who is a first-class first fortnight's honeymoon before his boat sails for New Zealand.

The unsatisfactory feature of the selection is the lack of any trial made of Windsor, the Tasmanian. The "Island race" is keenly annoyed about it, and has good reason to be. But the team has been chosen, and it is too late to cavil now.

The programme of the team in New Zealand is as follows:
February 10, 13: Auckland.
February 17, 19, 20: Wellington.
February 24, 25: Christchurch.
March 3, 4, 5: Dunedin.
March 15, 16, 17: Wellington (combined New Zealand).

They sail from Auckland on March 30.
Mr. Bowden, secretary to the New South Wales Cricket Association, has received a letter from Mr. Pelham Warner, who withdraws certain remarks made by him in a newspaper article relative to the election of members of the Australian Cricket Association and an alleged "deadhead" system said to be in vogue here.

Mr. Warner further states that as certain paragraphs in his book, conceived and written in a jocular strain, appear to have given offence in Australia they are to be deleted in the next edition.

The "amende" is very handsomely made, and will end some heart-burning, without in any way damaging the reputation Mr. Warner enjoys here as a good sportsman.

OLD LANCASHIRE CAPTAIN DEAD.

Mr. Edmund Butler Rowley, whose death is announced, was, in the early days of the Lancashire county cricket team, until superseded by Mr. A. N. Hornby. Mr. Rowley was the fourth of seven brothers who carried a position in the cricket world.

He was actively identified with the Lancashire club from 1864 to 1880, his highest innings being 78 against Surrey at the Oval in May, 1867. He was a hard trier, and against second-class bowling proved a rapid scorer.

His best effort in this direction was made at Manchester July 1867, when he scored 100 for the Gentlemen of Lancashire against the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, he hit up the fine score of 219.

Mr. Rowley made one appearance in Gentlemen v. Players matches, this being at the Oval in June 1862. He went in first with Mr. E. Dowson, the father of the Surrey cricketer, but was not a success.

NEW AMATEUR WALKING CLUB.

Another club for amateur walkers has just been formed, under the title of the "Middlesex Walking Club." Its object is to promote the promotion of tours and strolls rather than races, and a limit is to be placed on the average rate of progression.

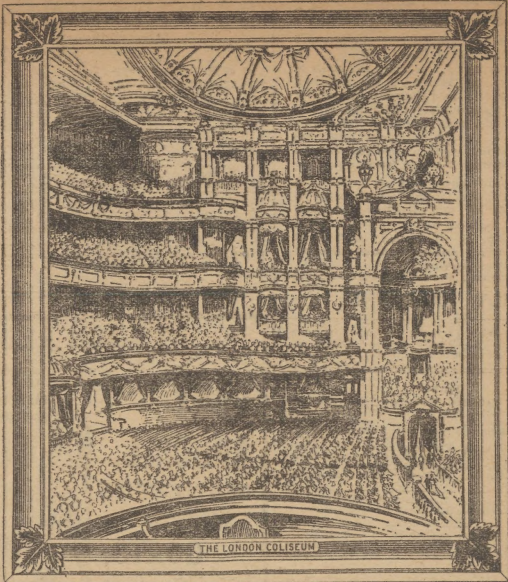
Mr. J. R. Barnes Moss has been elected hon. secretary pro tem, and seats on the committee have been assigned to the London to Brighton record-holder, Mr. T. E. Hammond, and Messrs. A. C. Palmer, G. E. Moore, V. F. Linney, R. F. Peters, S. Gwytha, G. Jacob, G. Ball, and F. W. Ward.

HOCKEY INTERNATIONAL.
The first international hockey match of the season—that between Scotland and Wales—will take place to-morrow at Llandudno. It has been necessary to make an alteration in the Scottish team, F. H. Farrow, the old Scottish international Rugby football half-back and "Varsity Blue, having been given the outside left position in place of R. H. McQueen.

SOUTH V. MIDLANDS.
Two alterations have been necessary in the South XI. To oppose the Midlands at Exeter to-morrow, J. E. T. Davies (Southgate) and A. E. Farshaw (Bromley) have been substituted for Eric Green and H. S. Freeman, respectively.

The inside left position, which was left open for a few days, has been given to G. Logan (Hamstead).

Mr. James Smith, having resigned this position of clerk of the course at Leicester, Mr. John Sheldon, who formerly shared the duties with him, was yesterday afternoon officially appointed to that position.



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SHRUBB AND DUFFY IN AUSTRALIA.

MEBURN, Thursday.—Alfred Shrub and A. F. Duffy, the famous English and American runners, arrived here to-day, and had an enthusiastic reception at the Melbourne Cricket Ground. Sir John Madden, Chief Justice of Victoria, proposed the health of the visitors in happy terms.—Reuter.
